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Week of January 25, 1942

Maid in America

by Henry Clive

Verses by Phyllis McGinley

No. 2—

The New Amsterdam Girl

How fervently the swains salaam
Before this winsome maiden—
The pride of all New Amsterdam,
Katrina Van der Layden.

Is it because they hold in awe
The pipe and velvet britches
Of Miss Katrina's fond Papa,
That lord of lands and riches?

Or does she melt their Holland hearts
With puddings light and airy,
With feathery cakes and frosted tarts
And triumphs culinary?

Well—Papa's pockets could be bare
And 'Trina's cakes but ashes,
And still they'd toast her yellow hair
And dream about her lashes.

For when it comes to wives, as such,
It's pretty hard to beat the Dutch.

One of the Exercises Is Intended to Make the City Dweller an Expert at Carrying His Tray Safely Between the Tables of a Crowded Cafeteria.

Exercises For People Who Can't Avoid Crowds

CAN you balance yourself on a strap without falling into someone's lap while a subway train goes around a curve? Can you reach a vacant seat in the middle of a movie feature without tripping over a row of feet or elbowing the heads of the spectators in front of you? Are you skilful enough to carry a loaded cafeteria tray through a rush hour crowd without taking an involuntary soup bath? If so, you're probably up on your "tempo" exercises and able to get through the day with a minimum of trouble to yourself and many dirty looks from your neighbors and acquaintances.

"Tempo" exercises, it should be explained, are designed to enable a person to adapt himself or herself gracefully to the tempo and emergencies of modern life and are the invention of Gertrude Mayer, a former model for Paul Poiret and now head of a school for mannekins in New York City.

"It seemed only a few months ago when the average young woman who could balance a telephone book on her head and walk gracefully up and down a flight of stairs could be at ease in any drawing room or any company," says Miss Mayer. "But in these days the 'drawing room' has disappeared along with the antimaccassar, finger bowls and china painting.

"What she has to be able to do is get undressed in an upper berth when she goes on a skiing trip, grab a seat when she goes to a movie and balance her own tray when her 'date' takes her to the corner cafeteria."

These and many similar everyday problems which confront young people today have been solved with what Miss Mayer calls "signs of the times tempo exercises."

There is the "cafeteria movement," for example, which is designed to give a person adeptness in rounding up the noonday meal. It may be practiced in the privacy of one's own home as follows: Take a dozen drinking glasses or small plates and arrange them on a 20-foot "course," to simulate people, table, chairs and other objects. They should be placed in series of twos, leaving a path 12 inches wide between each pair.

Now place two dishes full of water on a tray and try to walk along the "path" without either spilling the water or touching any of the obstacles with your foot.

"While this may seem difficult at first," says Miss Mayer, "it is typical of the situation which confronts one in the average cafeteria during rush hour. The trick is to keep your body and head erect and look well over the tray at the course you are going to follow. Many persons in actual practice are indecisive. They don't know whether they are going to yield the right of way to the other person or vice versa. If they show the proper determination and know exactly where they are headed, this problem will solve itself almost automatically."

Miss Mayer also advocates what she calls a "get the seat" exercise which she says will give a person such proficiency that she may even pass successfully a row of obstinate movie spectators who refuse to stand up to let her through.

"To practice this exercise," she says, "draw a chalk line about ten feet in length, fold a coat over your right arm to simulate the garment you would probably take to the theatre. This arm should be bent at a right angle firmly across the chest.

"Now start at one end of the chalk line, rise on your toes, place your weight well forward with your head and upper part of your body bent slightly forward and move your left foot to the side. Shift your weight to your left foot and bring your right foot up to it. Now repeat and continue until you have walked the entire length of the chalk line.

"After you have done this a few times you will be surprised how adroitly you can do it under actual conditions in a movie house and neither trip over the feet of the seated audience nor wallop the heads of people in front of you."

Miss Mayer thinks that most of the frantic swaying of fair young straphangers in subway trains is unnecessary. "Let's be realistic about it," she advises. "All of that pathetic swaying in front of the average male is to no avail. The man who's sitting is probably more tired than you are and won't yield his seat in any event no matter how good the act.

"Just try hanging a looped belt at a convenient height to simulate a subway strap. Grasp it firmly with the right hand and place the feet about 12 inches apart with the toes pointed outward for maximum stability. Now try shifting your weight from one foot to another to compensate for the 'movement' of your imaginary train. Your hips are the center of stability and guide your shift from one foot to another. Try this a few times and you'll be amazed at how easily you will be able to cope with any curve while straphanging."

As for getting ready for bed in an upper berth, Miss Mayer firmly believes that the difficulty of this typical American activity is greatly overrated.

"Anyone who has trouble in this respect is greatly in need of exercise," she points out. "When pupils tell me that they have such difficulty, I have them sit on the floor and work at bending and stretching. When a pupil can bend forward and touch her knees with her chin, undressing in an upper berth becomes a pleasure instead of a problem."

Death Solves The Problems Of The World's Fattest Woman

FOR 815-pound Ruth Pontico—the world's fattest human—the problems of living have been solved by death. "Baby Ruth," as she was known to millions of circus followers throughout the United States, scooped in a small fortune during her lifetime, but despite her $600-a-day income she was denied the right of normal living. The same huge bulk that made her fortune, likewise, kept her from enjoying it.

A reducing operation, designed to bring some of the privileges life had denied within her grasp, led to her recent death in a Tampa, Florida, hospital. The operation was to be the first of a series to check her weight which had been increasing at the rate of 40 pounds a year. Involving the removal of a chunk of flesh the size of a football, the surgery was successful, but strangulation while coming out of the anesthetic, caused her death.

Although the daughter of a circus fat woman, the 37-year-old Mrs. Pontico had no exhibition ambitions until she was forced into the circus by her steadily increasing size. A trained secretary, she sought to follow normal pursuits when she was a girl of 20. But these were denied her by her ever-growing bulk. She had to give up her first job with a telegraph company because she was too large for the office equipment. Her second position, which saw her entrenched in a specially-constructed chair in a lawyer's office, she had to leave when office routine was upset by scores of the curious who stopped in to stare at her.

Baby Ruth's Bulk Made Her Life Miserable as Well as Profitable. She Was Once Sent Home From the Hospital Because a Bed Collapsed Under Her Great Weight.

Resigned to her fate, she joined the Ringling Brothers Circus 10 years ago when she weighed 400 pounds. At her death she scaled 815 pounds. During her career under the Big Top, she travelled several hundred thousand miles throughout the United States, and at one time or another appeared in every county seat in the land. It was a standing joke among circus people that "Baby Ruth" could put her hand out of her railroad car window on the darkest night and tell within 10 miles just what town or city the circus train was approaching.

To millions of the curious, the gigantic hulk of "Baby Ruth" was something to stare at, to laugh at, and to make fun of. But to Mrs. Pontico, her size was tragic—a curse that blocked her every effort to follow the normal pursuits of life. She made the best of it, however, and was one of the most popular personalities in show business. Among the employes of the Royal American Shows, with whom she had been affiliated for the past six years, she was known as the "fairy godmother"—because she was the one person who invariably stood by the worst down-and-outer.

To gain some semblance of normal living, the portly Mrs. Pontico had to have everything built for her—even down to a special house with reinforced floors, and a shored-up porch. Inside was a gigantic bath tub and a made-to-order bed, low, wide and strong. All her furniture had to be enlarged and reinforced. Ordinary chairs would crumple under her weight.

In late years, she grew so heavy that she was barely able to walk and she moved about as little as possible, because of the great effort required. It was this inability to enjoy life that led her to plan a series of operations. Her doctors were to cut off folds of fat, removing more and more with each incision. They had no fear of the consequences since the operation was considered relatively simple and it was the only known way of arresting her steadily increasing weight.

Last year fate stepped in to prevent the operation which cost her life. She was sent home when the hospital bed broke beneath her weight. The second time she arrived at the hospital, she came prepared, bringing her specially-constructed bed. It was her plan to have the operation, recuperate, and be ready for the 1942 circus tour.

The surgeon's task was completed in less than a half hour, but fatal strangulation followed. Doctors and nurses made frantic attempts to save her life but the fat lady's immense size, making it impossible to move her, blocked all their medical efforts to check Ruth's choking.

Because of her weight, hospital authorities had to send her to the funeral parlor in her own bed in which she lay until craftsmen finished the construction of a made-to-measure steel casket. Weighing over 200 pounds, this coffin was said to have been the largest ever built. It was over six feet long and three feet wide. Modern hearses were too small for the great steel container, so an old model conveyance with a wider interior had to be used. Sixteen husky pallbearers were needed just to shove the casket into the vehicle.

Thousands of curious and hundreds of her friends jammed the funeral parlors where "Baby Ruth" lay in state. The most tragic figure present was that of her husband, Joseph Pontico, who was almost overcome by Ruth's sudden passing. Sharing his grief was their 19-year-old daughter, who, incidentally, weighs less than 100 pounds.

During recent seasons, Mrs. Pontico, billed as the world's fattest human, made a small fortune on her nationwide and Canadian tours. She was a national attraction and circus publicists did not have to give her the usual buildup of ballyhoo. It was quite common for 3,000 to 4,000 persons to file through her tent in one day.

But despite the flow of money across the carnival counters—of which she received 50 per cent—her tidy fortune could do nothing to help her five normally.

She could not go to movies, theatres, restaurants, churches or use automobiles because of her huge weight. Barely able to walk, she was forced to spend the majority of her waking hours just sitting in a chair.

In order to travel about the country, she had to use a special railway car with a score of special gadgets, and reinforced equipment. Despite all precautions, she recently crashed through the stairs of a railroad coach and several circus strong men had to extricate her.

An abnormal gland condition, according to physicians, caused Mrs. Pontico's weight to increase steadily. It was impossible to check it by dieting. Although "Baby Ruth" was the world's fattest human, there are others, both men and women, who top the quarter-ton mark. Mrs. Pontico's co-worker is Thelma Williams, who weighs 650 pounds.

Eleven Years After a New Jersey Woman Fed a Hungry Tramp, She Was Rewarded for Her Kindness With a $1,000 Check From the Grateful Man.

Why Charity Can Be A Good Investment

A DETROIT woman who befriended an old beggar injured in a street fight seven years ago, has just been notified that the man has died and left her $11,000. She is Mrs. Aubert Thrasher, a practical nurse with eight children, who was overwhelmed by the news and had difficulty recalling the incident.

"She did me a good turn years ago," wrote Nathan Kanover, the beggar, in his crudely pencilled bequest. Probate Judge Thomas C. Murphy said investigation showed that Kanover left about $13,000 in postal and bank savings.

Mrs. Thrasher said Kanover was attacked and injured by two hoodlums in the Spring of 1934 near her home. Passing by shortly afterward she was touched by the old man's condition and invited him to her house where she bathed and treated his wounds and gave him a hearty meal. The beggar wrote her name in a greasy little address book before he left and said he would one day repay her.

There are other instances on record where nothing but natural, spontaneous, human kindliness and courtesy paid back big dividends years later on these benefits unforgot, as in the case of Mrs. Katherine Briggs of Elizabeth, N. J.

"Madame, will you please give me something to eat?"

Mrs. Brigga at her ironing-board, hesitated.

"You're a tramp, aren't you?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am—at present. A tramp by misfortune, not by profession or choice."

She gave him a chair outside in the back yard. He sat there in the shade of the honeysuckle vines, and ate steadily for half an hour—ate until the starved, desperate look left his eyes and he could smile at the chickens wandering about his feet after stray crumbs.

"I'll not forget this, lady," he said.

And he didn't. Last September, after 11 years, he forwarded a check for $1,000 to the Jersey woman.

A "personal" which appeared in one of the Chicago newspapers some time ago, attracted attention by its peculiar wording:

"Mrs. J. G. Stintson: You were very kind to me when I was sick at the home of a mutual friend, so please accept this present, and do not seek the giver."

A few days after this appeared in the paper three-well-dressed men called at the residence of Mrs. Stintson, the wife of a florist at Drexel Boulevard and Forty-Third Street. They represented themselves as attorneys.

"Are you Mrs. John G. Stintson?" they asked.

"Why, yes I am," replied the woman somewhat bewildered. "What can I do for you, gentlemen?"

One of the men handed her a long envelope.

"We are pledged to secrecy by the donor, madam," said the spokesman. "But we may say briefly that the gift enclosed is given you in grateful remembrance for your kindness years ago."

After the visitors had departed the envelope was opened and five crisp $1,000 notes fluttered out. Yet Mrs. Stintson never discovered who the donor was, nor could she even recall any special act of kindness on her part.

A Connecticut man knew what he was doing when he willed "a friend in need," $10,000.

"You're the only man on God's earth to whom I owe money and who has remained friendly to me..."

The man who wrote that was bitter against life and people generally. He had been swamped in business, betrayed by friends into injudicious speculation. He had come to the point where every one seemed to be against him, where he must lose home, family, prestige, everything, all for lack of just enough money to tide him over the storm.

He obtained the money he needed from a certain man in his home town, Waterbury, whom he had known in a casual way through politics—$500 cash without security—simply by going to him and telling a frank story. With the money he started West to begin life over again, and the man who had loaned the money told him not to worry. Some day, when he could afford it, he could pay it back. When the man died he left $10,000 to the politician.

"The old guy in number 120 thinks he's going to kick off," the bell hop told the night clerk at a small Toledo hotel about ten years ago. It was a casual remark. The bell boy didn't care much if number 120 died or not.

Harry Campbell, the night clerk, glanced at the clock.

"Watch the desk and answer the 'phone," he told the boy. "I'm going up to number 120. And say, call up the doctor, will you?"

Number 120 had been a guest for some time. He was a quiet, inoffensive old gentleman, apparently without friends. He came and went from the hotel unobtrusively. He paid his bill regularly, and seemed to be in very moderate circumstances, for he never tipped the bell boys.

But Campbell went up and made the old man as comfortable as possible. He sat with him through those lonesome hours that come between midnight and dawn, the gray hours when human vitality is at its lowest ebb and so many fluttering souls pass on. And when day came the doctor said that the man would live.

A short time ago Harry Campbell was notified that one Jerome Sidney, a former guest, had left him $6,500, with many thanks for his kindness and patience during his night watch by the sick bed of the friendless old man.

Where People Pay A High Price For Gallstones

ANYONE who ever has carried around a gallstone on his inSides is willing to pay any price he can afford to get rid of the thing—but the Chinese and the Japanese like gallstones and are said to pay as much as $125 a pound for the universally unpopular symbols of discomfort and disease.

In China Gallstones From Cattle Bring as Much as $125 a Pound.

The Orientals do not, it should be explained, want the stones in their interiors. They buy stones from cattle killed in the stockyards of America and other countries, thus creating a market for the strangest by-product of the meat packing industry.

The little lumps found in the gall bladders of livestock may be no larger than the head of a pin or as big as a bird's egg. The small stones weigh only a fraction of a gram and the big ones tip the scales at an ounce, more or less.

The meat packers do not derive a great deal of income from the crusty secretions of lime in the bodies of the cows and steers they slaughter because it takes about 100,000 head of cattle to produce one pound of gallstones.

Just what the Orientals do with this odd commodity is something of a mystery, but it is said that they put them to several uses—as the powdered base for medicines which are believed to build strength, reduce fever, revive the dying and rid the human body of evil spirits.

The meat packers have also heard that the Chinese burn gall in their more expensive incense and that the pulverized stones are used as a dye for tinting the more costly grades of chinaware. There is another story that some of the very few Chinese who can afford whole gallstones carry them as good luck charms.

During the more than four years in which China has been at war, the market for many things which its more prosperous citizens used to buy from America has dwindled—and bovine gallstones is a luxury which many Orientals have had to forego. However, the demand still exceeds the supply.

Another odd commodity which the Chinese used to buy in great quantity from this country is the seemingly useless shark fin. Among the Chinese, back in their native land and in other parts of the world, shark fin soup has long been a great delicacy. The fine never brought any such price, pound for pound, as gallstones, but there never was enough to meet the Oriental demand, at good prices.

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Curious Rewards of Playboy Plant's Faithful Widow

Maybe the Ex-Showgirl Who Did the Most for Him Will Collect as Much from His Estate as Her Forerunners Got from Phil in Person, but All She's Earned Up-to-Date Is Chicken Feed and Trouble

The Barnyard Type of Chicken Phil Plant Is Shown Fancying Here at the Connecticut Farm Cost Him Less Than the Broadway Variety He Preferred in Earlier Years.

THE LATE Phil Plant, playboy and chicken fancier extraordinary, was a kind of walking old age pension to most of the ladies who figured in his brief but colorful career.

He himself once estimated his benefactions to the fair sex as amounting to around $2,000,000.

So you would think that Marjorie King Plant, the ex-showgirl who was his favorite wife, who did the most for him, and who is his widow today, would have been rewarded most generously.

It may turn out that she will be. But it may also turn out that she will find herself less well provided for than some who had scarcely more than a casual acquaintance with her husband.

It all depends on how she handles the coming three-cornered legal battle with his mother, the wealthy Mrs. Mae C. Hayward, and his first wife, the movie actress Connie Bennett, neither of whom, according to recently filed affidavits, are doing right by her.

In the six months since Phil's death, Marjorie's experiences have not been of the kind usually associated with rich widows. In fact, she's been having a pretty rough time of it.

First of all, the Connecticut estate, where she had with difficulty induced her wandering husband to settle down, was closed to her immediately after his death and offered for sale.

She then moved into a modest little New York apartment, only to be dispossessed the following month for failure to pay her rent.

Some of her friends say that she was so strapped that she had to borrow train fare to California, where she is now staying with her mother.

Meanwhile, grief and worry have brought her weight down from its customary 118 pounds to a bare ninety pounds.

The Trophies Edna Dunham Plant, Wife No. 2, Collected on Her Safaris With Phil Were Nothing to the $173,500 One She Brought Down When She Divorced Him.

No prize-fighter would think of entering the ring 30 pounds under weight, even against a mediocre opponent. In ma-in-law Mrs. Hayward and the durable Connie, Marjorie is taking on two adversaries at once, both of them long-experienced and financially at least in tip-top condition.

Not recklessness but necessity has forced her hand.

When Phil died last June of heart-trouble—the affliction which, in a more romantic form, had cost him so much in life—he was supposed to be a very rich man, despite his extravagances. Rumor had it that he had originally inherited $17,000,000 from his foster father, Commodore Morton F. Plant—and a hoard like that can stand a lot of misuse.

Great was the surprise, therefore, when his gross estate was found to total a mere $316,000, most of it in life insurance policies. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars of this was left to Marjorie, $5,000 to his valet, Thomas McCarthy, and the rest to his mother.

Some coolness exists between the two chief beneficiaries, according to one set of the widow's lawyers. If this is so, it must have developed fairly recently, for three years ago, when Marjorie was being named corespondent in the divorce suit of Phil's second wife, Edna Dunham Plant, it was no secret that his mother favored the corespondent over the wife.

Edna was the lady who first tried to shift the playboy's interests from Broadway chickens to those of the barnyard variety. At her wish, he moved from his Park Avenue apartment to the 800-acre Oswegatchee Farm, at Waterford, Conn., scene of his childhood.

There he took to raising prize poultry and appalling those of his former night-life associates, who were hardy enough to visit him, by going to bed, dead sober at 9 o'clock in the evening.

It was Marjie King, a Broadway butterfly with a host of playboy admirers including William Rhinelander Stewart and George Raft, who lured him back to the bright lights. Phil responded nobly and, as soon as Edna had collected a divorce and $173,500 alimony, muscled out the opposition and married Marjie—all with the evident approval of mama.

And then, instead of crying for madder music and redder wine, as everybody was sure she would do, his new wife turned domestic, took the puzzled Phil back to Oswegatchee and the poultry, and proceeded to out-Edna the rural Edna.

Phil gradually accustomed himself to the transformation, in fact, seemed to derive a great deal of benefit from it.

But Mrs. Hayward may have felt differently. Here she had just gotten rid of one low-heeled daughter-in-law, only to find herself saddled with another. It may have seemed like the beginning of the revolution to her.

After all, in any decent, well-ordered society butterflies ought to stay butterflies. They oughtn't to go around turning into dowdy, backwoods moths. It was downright unnatural.

And so perhaps the atmosphere between wife and mother-in-law took on the slight frigidity which is traditional in such relationships and which Marjorie's lawyers have cautiously referred to.

As it happens, they are not the only ones who have. Marjorie's friends and even she herself have had occasion to mention it. For instance, she has said that on the day after Phil's burial, Mrs. Hayward asked her to sign a statement to the effect that she was not expecting a child.

Pach Bros

Marjorie King Plant, the Playboy's Widow, Who May Have Disappointed Her Mother-in-Law by Turning from a Broadway Butterfly Into a Backwoods Moth.

She refused to do so, she asserts, shrugging her shoulders as much as to say: "How do I know whether I am or not?"

This incident, as well as a number of others which followed, left her baffled and depressed.

There is mystery both in why Oswegatchee Farms was closed and put up for sale so rapidly and in why Marjie was dispossessed from her New York apartment—particularly the latter.

Her lawyers say that she has been receiving $600 a month from her husband's estate, pending its settlement. That is not a fabulous sum but it would certainly seem to be enough to keep her in a two-room, walk-up apartment. The statement of one of the employes of the building emphasizes the curious features of the transaction.

Marjorie and her dog, according to this man, moved in last October. She paid the first month's rent promptly and seemed to everyone around a well-behaved and in all respects desirable tenant. The bellboy, who used to walk her dog and whom she always generously tipped for his services, was especially impressed with her.

On the twentieth of the following month, she was served abruptly with a dispossess notice, and this, despite the establishment's reported custom of allowing guests a month's leeway in paying their rent.

Marjie moved at once, and subsequently the bill was settled. Subsequently, too, her friends say, she called on Mrs. Hayward, who listened to her with every appearance of sympathy and then presented her with an old silver cigarette case.

It had belonged to Phil and his mother thought Marjie might like to have it to remember him by.

Just what the latter thought of this gesture is not known, but, still following her friends' account, she had to go elsewhere to find the money to get to California.

Mrs. Hayward, as it happened, was bound for the same general destination, although the two did not go together and their paths divided as soon as they arrived. Marjie went to her mother's, while Mrs. Hayward went to Hollywood, where she was often seen in the company of her first daughter-in-law, Connie Bennett, and Connie's fourth husband, Gilbert Roland.

Mrs. Hayward's fondness for Connie, who had not undergone any particularly drastic change of character through the years, is well known.

A little while later, just recently in fact, a very odd thing happened. Connie, the proud mother of a brand-new daughter by Mr. Roland, suddenly up and brought a suit against Phil's estate.

This came as a surprise because so much had happened to the actress since her play-girl days in the East that her marriage to Phil had almost been forgotten. It was now recalled that they had eloped in 1925, and had remained in somewhat uncertain wedlock for the next three years.

They spent much of that time abroad, where they adopted a son, Peter Bennett Plant, now 15, and where Connie ultimately won a divorce and a settlement of, Phil himself once said, $1,000,000.

She now claims that what actually happened was that he established a trust fund of $160,000, from which she was to receive a guaranteed monthly income of $700 for life. There has been a shortage of funds in the trust since 1932, she says. While he was alive, Phil is supposed to have made up the difference out of pocket and now that he is dead she wants the estate to kick in.

Nobody Seems to Know Exactly How the Widowed Marjorie Happened to Be Dispossessed from Her Modest Apartment, but There Are Stories That the Notice Walked In With Her Dog.

Culver Service

Connie Bennett, the Movie Actress, Who Was Phil's First Wife and Who Has Now Unexpectedly Joined the Battle Over His Estate.

If it has to, both Marjie's share and also Mrs. Hayward's may suffer. This would be harder on the wife than on the mother, who is one of the wealthiest women in society, thanks to the $15,000,000 she acquired from her late husband, Commodore Morgan F. Plant.

Marjie's lawyers (she has two sets of them, Thomas A. McGrath in New York, and Spelke and Zone in Connecticut rose to the emergency a few weeks ago by filing a plea to the effect that they considered Phil's trust fund agreement with Connie as illegal and against public policy. They pointed out that it required him to support a woman who has twice been remarried to men able to support her.

And while they were about it, they took a crack at Mrs. Hayward, too. In the hope of showing that Phil's fortune actually far exceeded the $316,000 shown on the records they dug up some of the affidavits of Edna Dunham Plant, who had done a good deal of spade work on this subject. Edna had discovered that Phil's foster father had endowed him not with the rumored 17 million but with $2,570,252 in the form of a trust fund whose principal was to be signed over to him at intervals in chunks of $700,000.

Edna also alleged that "Mae C. Hayward was in sole active management of Philip Morgan Plant's financial affairs and disbursed money for him for any large bills or in any large amounts, if such disbursements were to be made."

Building on this foundation, Marjie's lawyers claim that Mrs. Hayward owes her son's estate $200,000 in the form of a private debt and that three payments of $700,000—the last on what would have been Phil's fortieth birthday last August—have gone directly into her coffers. They think that, if not all, at least the debt and the last payment should be counted in with the estate, swelling it to nearly a million and a quarter.

Mrs. Hayward's control of all this money would have been invalidated if Marjie and Phil had had a son—which seems to throw some light on his mother's alleged curiosity in the matter.

But the only child in the picture at the moment is Peter Bennett Plant, who is in Connie's custody and of course is only adopted. Nevertheless, the lawyers are looking at him askance as a possible new source of trouble in an already troubled picture.

Phil Plant has moved on to greener pastures, but there still seems to be plenty of the old Plant spirit left in his estate.

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YOU MAY LAUGH, *But It's the Law*

By DICK HYMAN,
Author of the Book, "It's the Law."

DON'T look now, but there's probably a law waiting to smack you down.

America is so full of cock-eyed laws, it's a wonder the whole country isn't serving time in jail.

A couple of years ago I found that we have 10,000,000 laws and ordinances on the statute books. If they were all enforced we couldn't get through the day without being arrested at least ten or twenty times.

Many of them were passed over a hundred years ago just to make someone happy. The spite has died but the laws live on.

Once in a while some fanatic makes someone suffer by citing one of these outmoded statutes. It is almost impossible to tell, in some cases, where the law stops and justice begins. Worst of all, they crop up when the courts are already jammed with legitimate cases.

If you want to know where you stand as a law-abiding citizen, take a look at these:

Minnesota Law Forbids the Displaying of Men's and Women's Underclothes on the Same Line.

NEW YORK CITY might find its entire population in jail if one of its old statutes were enforced.

It is against the law to open or close an umbrella in the presence of a horse. None of the 7,000,000 inhabitants would dream of offending their few remaining four-legged friends, but the city is still overpopulated with potential "jailbirds." At any rate, the horses are protected from a jab in the eye. But the law doesn't cover the innocent bystander, who evidently is expected to fend for himself.

If he is caught listening to conversations, it's a misdemeanor, even if the chatter is in a language he doesn't understand.

If you want to eavesdrop in a park, don't take along a paper to sit on. That, too, is against the law. Times have changed since the law was passed. Nowadays it's almost impossible not to overhear a conversation in New York. In the subways, it's become quite an indoor sport to hear what your neighbor is saying.

New York cramps its style, too, by old laws that forbid the shooting of rabbits in cemeteries, carrying bones into buildings without permission, and selling the family jewels after sundown.

* * *

ROMANCE has labored under difficulties in all parts of the country.

In Norman, Oklahoma, petting couples are discouraged, even if they're married.

An old law says that no woman shall sit upon a man's lap unless she has a pillow under her. This is a hangover from the days when Oklahoma was part of the Wild West and every man toted shooting irons.

In Michigan, a wife's clothes belong to her husband. If she tries to run away he may undress her.

If love makes anyone happy enough to sing in North Carolina, they'd better take lessons first. It's against the law in that State to sing out of tune and Heaven alone can help the choir lad whose voice changes in the middle of a hymn.

If you live in Sterling, Colorado, and love your wife, don't kiss her while she is asleep. Unless you wake her first, she can have the law on you. And if she snores loudly enough to disturb you and the neighbors, citizens of Dunn, North Carolina, invoke a recent statute and put her in the hoosegow for a couple of days. That'll teach her.

Maryland protects a husband even more. There, it is illegal for a woman to rifle her husband's pockets while he sleeps. This law will probably never be repealed.

Massachusetts passed a silly law years ago which no one has ever violated. It forbids any man to marry his mother-in-law.

It is also illegal for any woman to appear in public in Massachusetts with her face powdered and rouged. While the State is tough on women, it's kind to actors. It is a crime to hiss an actor in Boston and it is also illegal to give bridge prizes. Hotels, in the Hub City, must keep accommodations for horses and while they would doubtless make perfect guests, no one has ever seen one stand up at a bar.

* * *

BAD boys seem to have been a curse to the founding fathers of many towns. In Yuma, Arizona, anyone caught stealing citrus fruit is given the legal punishment of a dose of castor oil and in McPherson, Kansas, it is forbidden to play marbles. Recalcitrant boys living in Virginia who miss church three Sundays in a row are considered public enemies and may be put to death. In Salem, West Virginia, it is against the law to sell candy to children an hour and a half before church services, either morning or evening.

* * *

IN BREWTON, ALABAMA, the townsfolk have a hard job getting around. It's forbidden to use a motorboat in the city streets and people must walk or ride. Whoever heard of such a thing?

It is against the law to sleep in the Los Angeles River bed and it is also illegal to loiter, recline or rest in the river bed. While the law is rarely enforced it would be just as well to take along some waterproof sheets, not to mention a diving helmet.

Los Angeles seems to have something against water, because in that city, too, one must obtain a license to install a bathtub. You have to have a hunting license to catch mice and if you're a wrestler you're not allowed to make faces during a match.

* * *

DENVER says that it is unlawful to wear a false face and it is a misdemeanor to appear in public in unbecoming clothes.

Hartford protects its intellectuals by forbidding dramatic readings, shaving on Sunday or chewing tobacco without a doctor's permit. It is also against the law to kiss your wife on Sunday or cross a river—unless you are a clergyman.

In Georgia, Anyone Bathing in a Stream or Pond of Water in View of a Road Leading to a Church on Sunday Shall Be Held Guilty of a Misdemeanor.

Newspapers Can Be Fined for Misspelling a Name in Quemado, New Mexico.

It's Forbidden in Cleveland, Ohio, to Operate a Motor Vehicle While Sitting on Another Person's Lap.

In North Dakota, It's Against the Law to Sleep in a Public Dining Room.

IN France, a man sentenced to death can be reclaimed from the gallows if a virtuous maiden will marry him.

* * *

In Willacoochee, Georgia, a city ordinance prohibits men and women having dates after twelve o'clock at night.

* * *

It is against the law for a chicken to cross the road inside the city limits of Quitman, Georgia.

* * *

In Benton, Illinois, a fire engine must not return from a fire faster than a slow trot.

* * *

It is illegal in Indiana to quarrel on Sunday or drive past horses with "traction engines."

* * *

In Evansville, Indiana, hamburgers cannot be sold on Sunday.

* * *

HAMMOND, INDIANA, forbids its inhabitants to throw watermelon seeds on the sidewalk, to possess a skeleton key or dark lantern and a tight rope walker must have a license before he can perform his art.

* * *

A person must telephone the city hall before starting in an automobile to the town of West Point, Mississippi.

* * *

At Poplar Bluff, Missouri, shaving during the daytime is a violation of the law.

* * *

Livingston, Montana, provides a $25 fine for couples doing the Turkey Trot on local dance floors.

* * *

In Nebraska it is against the law to sneeze in public and in Tyke it is illegal to make mince pie.

* * *

IN North Carolina, twin beds must be two or more feet apart.

* * *

Since the Alabama husband is accountable for his wife's misbehavior he has the legal right to chastise her—with "a stick no larger than the thumb." Nothing is said about the length of the stick.

* * *

A Kansas law still on the book reads: "When two trains approach each other at a crossing, they shall both come to a full stop, and neither shall start until the other has gone."

* * *

America has nothing on some foreign countries whose laws have been held over from the Dark Ages.

It is illegal for a mosquito to live in the city of Frankfurt-am-Main, but all self-respecting mosquitoes got out ages ago.

Night life in Berlin is taboo—they say the British had something to do with this.

* * *

In Egypt, it is unlawful to set your clocks ahead without a written permit.

* * *

YUGOSLAVIA makes it illegal for Halley's comet to pass over that country. Just how they'd stop it wasn't figured out by the legislators.

* * *

ALMOST everything is forbidden in Italy, nowadays, except dying. Paris models are forbidden, though they say that Goering himself has taken over some of the fashionable shops.

Beauty parades are also forbidden in Italy, possibly because the young women have aged horribly since the war began, lacking the proper foods and living conditions.

One law hasn't been enforced recently. It says that women's dresses must come at least three inches below the knee. Most wear-material has been commandeered by Mussolini and women's dresses are getting shorter and shorter.

* * *

IN Teruel, Spain, a man may be fined for hitting someone on the head with a cucumber and he may not take a bath on Sunday if the water is heated.

* * *

IN the Dutch East Indies, a civic law forbids men to work in the village of Tenganan under penalty of being thrashed by women.

A Working Wife Must Turn Over Her Earnings to Her Husband in Arizona.

KENTUCKY has a few old relics on its statute books, too. In Louisville, it's against the law to shoot fish with a bow and arrow, show Harriet Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin," or to go behind a mule without speaking to the animal first—evidently in a conciliatory tone of voice.

In 1934, Kentucky passed a "Nudist Colony Bill" providing that every nudist "should be inspected regularly by a committee from the legislature." Nice work, if you can get it.

* * *

FLORIDA is hard on careless housewives for it forbids them to crack more than three dishes a day or chip the edges of more than four cups and/or saucers. It is also against the law to roll a barrel down the street.

* * *

It is a crime to raise or permit a dandelion to grow in Pueblo, Colorado.

* * *

You can't pick feathers from live geese in California.

* * *

SHOPKEEPERS in Joliet, Illinois, should put this law into effect. It says that women can be jailed for trying on more than six dresses in one store. Emporia, Kansas, is a place for all bridge players. Kibitzing of card games is forbidden.

In Lawrence, Kansas, it is unlawful to have bees in one's hat while on city streets and in Thayer it is unlawful to give more than one dance a month in your home.

Anyone Wearing a Hat Which Frightens Timid Persons, Children or Animals in Saco, Missouri, Is Committing a Crime.

In Alabama, Putting Salt on a Railroad Track Is a Criminal Offense Punishable by Death.

IF YOU are very shy, then you had better move to Spencer, Iowa, where it is unlawful to make personal remarks about passers-by. If people amuse you, don't go near Helena, Montana. Unrestrained giggling on the street is forbidden.

One of the friendliest towns in the country must be Clawson City, Michigan. Thoughtful legislators allow the villagers to sleep with their pigs, cows, goats and chickens. Whoever was responsible for framing this law must have wanted company badly.

Utah is no fun at all. It's illegal in Ogden to picnic in the cemetery.

In Texas, the punishment fits the crime. A man served a term in the Texas State Penitentiary for the offense of "worthlessness." A fellow prisoner was given a sentence of 1,001 years.

* * *

BURLINGTON, Vermont, is a slow town. The speed limit is three miles an hour. But Black Wolf, Kansas, is up-and-coming. A sign says: "Speed limit 100 miles an hour—Watch us grow." P. S. You'd have to have keen eyesight.

In Beasville, California, it's against the law to roll a hoop.

* * *

Picnic making, at any point within the city limits where the aroma might offend the nostrils of passers-by, is prohibited by an old Los Angeles ordinance.

* * *

In Gainesville, Florida, no railroad train may run through the city faster than a man can walk.

It's Illegal to Allow Bees to Fly at Large in Kirkland, Illinois.

Essex Fells, New Jersey, Has an Ordinance Forbidding Any Dog to Bark, Rooster to Crow, or Duck to Quack Between 10 P.M. and 6 A.M. It's Against the Law to Ride a Mule to Church in the Town of Honaker, Virginia.

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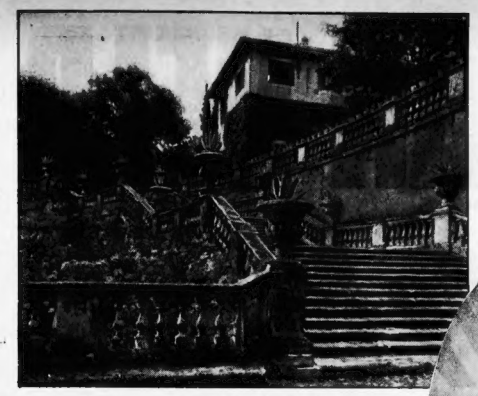


Ancestral Country Seat of the Torlonia Family, Which Was Saved From Decay by the Duke's Lucky Marriage to His "Dollar Duchess."

But After Telling the Court That Her Husband Had Crowned Her With a Chair, the Duchess Quaintly Added That Her Happiest Years Had Been Spent as His Wife.

Our American Duchess Torlonia's Life Just Like a Movie

But No Scenario Ever Sprung From the Imagination of Hollywood Could Quite Equal Her Career on Which the Eternal Curtain Falls at Last

IF HOLLYWOOD is hard up for movie subjects, as it is said to be—what with the war and all—it could do worse than look into the career of Mrs. Elsie Moore Torlonia, who died a little while ago.

For her real-life scenario seems to have all the requisites of a Grade A picture: pomp and circumstance, glamour, towering climaxes, stirring incidents—in short, exactly those qualities that make a press agent reach for the adjective, "super-colossal."

Born plain Elsie Moore, of Brooklyn, N. Y., she was one of the last of that fabulous flock of rich American girls who married European noblemen and had a rough time of it.

A duel was fought over her.

Those addressing her to her face called her, "Princess," a title she later disowned, while behind her back she was known as the "Dollar Duchess."

In her heyday the list of her acquaintances read like an abbreviated edition of the Almanac de Gotha.

Thirty dukes and duchesses, as well as some 300 odd lesser folk, including counts, no accounts and J. P. Morgan, once sat down to dinner at her table.

She figured as the wronged wife in one of the major society scandals of the 1920's.

And, at the last, she enjoyed the unique distinction (for an American) of being the mother-in-law of a genuine, though somewhat dispossessed, Infanta of Spain.

According to one view, all that might never have happened if it hadn't been for Diamond Jim Brady. For it was Diamond Jim, paunch a-quiver and precious gems glittering, who first sold himself to little Elsie's father and then went out on the road and sold the hardware that made Mr. Moore a multimillionaire.

And, of course, if it hadn't been for the multimillions, no dashing 46-year-old Don Marino Torlonia, Duke of Poli, Duke of Guadagnolo and Prince di Civitella-Cesi, would come a-wooing the pretty, 18-year-old Elsie.

Photograph of Plain Elsie Moore, of Brooklyn, N.Y., at the Time of Her Marriage to the Dashing, But Fickle, Don Marino Torlonia.

Commercial or not, the wooing was a success; papa promised a substantial allowance; and Elsie, the envy of American Womanhood, started out for her husband's fatherland, there to enjoy the sort of life she had always dreamed of.

The Torlonia ducal palace, covering an entire block in Rome, and the ancestral villa at Tusculum were both in readiness to receive her. A check from Mr. Moore, dispatched in advance, had made this possible. Under its magic touch, servants had sprung up where none had bloomed before, wounded plumbing had been healed, and long dry fountains were gaily playing.

All was just as the happy bride had imagined it, except for one small detail. When the welcoming ceremonies were over two gaudily dressed young women threw themselves on the slightly embarrassed bridegroom's neck. Cousins? No, not cousins. Just a couple of old friends.

"I see," said the bride.

But, unfortunately, she didn't see. The Duke made no effort to explain. Apparently considering it rather bad taste on Elsie's part to want an explanation, he deputed one of his older female relatives to enlighten her.

It seemed that in Italy there was what is sometimes called the double standard of morality. That is, wives were supposed to behave with the same propriety expected of them in America, but not husbands. Husbands, so long as they did not outrage appearances too greatly, were allowed a certain latitude.

"See?" asked the elderly female relative.

This time the bride said nothing. Her impulse was to take the next boat home.

But her father would say; "I told you so!"

And what about all those envious fellow countrywoman? She simply couldn't face them. Far better to stay and fight it out, if possible, to win the Duke from his erratic course by the tenderness of her devotion.

So she put on a brave face, and instead of running to papa, invited papa to come see her. Then she pulled off a gesture the like of which Europe had not seen since old Franz-Joseph had rounded up all the Hapsburgs and entertained them under one roof twenty-five years before.

In order to give Mr. Moore a rousing welcome to Rome, she sent out cards to every last one of her husband's relatives, inviting them to attend a bang-up dinner party at Torlonia palace. The response was terrific. Seedy gentle-folk in hired dress suits and old lace that hadn't been out of the lavender since the days of Garibaldi; young men with slicked down hair and ravenous appetites, fresh from the casinos of the Riviera; spinsters, debutantes and goatish old men came thronging to the beano, 350 strong.

Some were attracted by the promise of a free meal, others by simple curiosity, still others by the hope of cutting themselves in, somehow, on lucky Don Marino's "Dollar Duchess."

Thirty dukes and duchesses, resplendant in the livery of their calling, flanked the dazzled Mr. Moore in his triumphal progress toward the dining room. Immediately behind came the lesser luminaries, among them J. P. Morgan, whose presence at this intimate family function has never been satisfactorily explained. Possibly he had got the wrong address and thought he was some place else.

Anyhow, it was a great occasion for the Duchess and seems to have established her solidly in the hearts of all the Torlonias, including her husband. He apparently loved her, in his fashion. The only thing was, being pretty well along by this time, he was too set in his ways to change at the drop of a hat.

So they went on living together, in the Italian rather than American manner, while three children — a son, Alessandro, and two daughters — were born, and while Elsie drew what comfort she could from the fact that his extra-marital attachments never seemed to last very long.

Then the thing she had been dreading happened.

The Duke became involved with a woman of a different type from most of his light-o'loves. This was the nobly born Maria Lorenzino, rated the most beautiful woman in Rome. The Duke fell for her with a bang that could be heard all over the city, and this time it didn't look like mere infatuation. It looked like 14-karat love.

Elsie could no longer hide her long-repressed resentment. She breached the Italian code of etiquette irreparably by tracking the rival to her lair and there going through the feminine equivalent of boarding her. Then she lit into her husband and finally, after having got nothing from either but scorn and ridicule, took the drastic step she had shied away from ten years earlier.

Don Marino Torlonia, Who Startled a Connecticut Jury by Claiming That as Long as His Infidelities Were "Decorous" His Wife Didn't Deserve a Divorce.

With her children in tow, she sailed for America and settled down in Connecticut to establish residence for a divorce.

Her case came up in 1928 and, while resulting successfully for her, put the Yankee judge and jury through some pretty baffling moments. The Duke's defense was conducted along two lines:

First that, as an Italian citizen, which she had become by marriage, Elsie had no right to sue for divorce in the United States.

And second (this was the real puzzler) that under Italian law an act of infidelity on the part of the husband was no offense to the wife so long as it was handled with "decorum."

Brought up in the tradition that anything "furrin" was automatically suspect, anyhow, the staid New Englanders on the jury jumped at these words as though they had been stung.

But before they could get their aroused moral sensibilites fully organized for action, some words of the wife set them back on their heels again.

Describing that last bitter scene with her husband, she told how he had risen up in wrath and crowned her with a Renaissance chair; then added pensively:

"The ten happiest years of my life were spent as the wife of the Duke."

What was one to make of such seemingly irreconcilable statements? Apparently, the jurors decided that a wife, though she might be a glutton for punishment, was still a wife in the good old New England sense. As such, she was entitled to the kind of behavior New England women expect of their husbands.

So they gave Elsie the divorce they weren't any too sure she really wanted, together with the custody of her two daughters, Donna Christiana and Donna Marina. Young Alessandro, as the heir to the revived Torlonia fortunes, went home to papa.

Meanwhile, a rather curious episode had occurred in Rome. As it happened, the family bust-up had coincided inopportunely with execution of a bas-relief portrait of the Duchess in marble, the work of the distinguished Italian sculptor, Count Felippo Lovatelli.

Art being on a plane far above domestic discord, Count Felippo had not allowed the departure of the Duchess to interfere with his work. When it was finished, he notified her by mail, enclosing a stiff bill. She, for her part, in her distraught condition, seems to have misread the amount and sent him only 1,000 lira, which at that time came to a mere $45.

The sculptor took this as a deliberate insult and retaliated forthwith by rechiselling the portrait's features into a grostesque mask, removing the marble lily from its hands, and placing there instead a purse marked, "1,000 lira."

And at the bottom he carved the English inscription: "I have my money."

Rome laughed at the caricature, as well as at the sculptor's remark that a woman who had paid so much for a husband should not be so niggardly about something of real worth.

Whether the subsequent indignation of the said husband was caused by this crack or by the slight to his wife is a question. In any case, he challenged Count Felippo to a duel and, after about fifteen minutes of furious feinting, pinked him the arm. This satisfied his honor, but not the Catholic Church, which had forbidden dueling. So presently Don Marino found himself not only divorced by his wife but also excommunicated by his Church.

The latter sentence was soon lifted, however; the former persisted until his death in 1933. If Elsie had only hung on to the dubious pleasures of marriage for another five years, she would have become undisputed and sole head of all those 350 Torlonias she had once invited to dinner. As it was, she had to content herself with her son's succession to his father's position and prerogatives.

The same feelings which had motivated her divorce had also led her to foreswear her titles of Duchess and Princess. Fate, which had picked her up as plain Elsie Moore had set her down again, after a 10-year Roman holiday, as plain Mrs. Elsie Moore Torlonia.

But it was still not through with her. One more rise and one more fall remained in her horoscope. She lived to queen it at a function far eclipsing even the great Torlonia dinner party. It was the wedding in 1935 of her son Alessandro, now Prince Alessandro, to the Infanta Beatriz, of Spain, elder daughter of the deposed King Alfonso XIII.

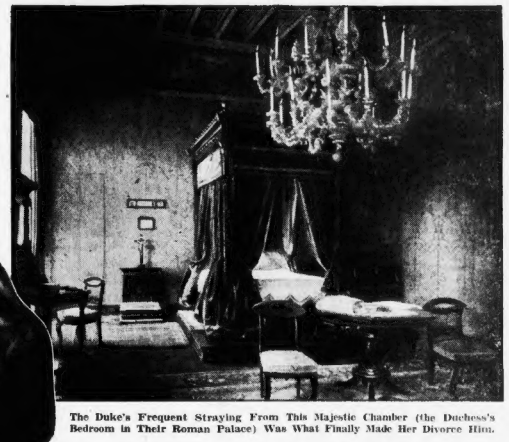
J. P. Morgan apparently wasn't in on this, but half the royalty of Europe was. Practically the whole House of Savoy, as well as 250 grandees of Spain were there. They were drawn not only by a sense of duty but also by the romantic flavor of the match. Love had come to the Infanta, just as, depressed by the state of the world and of her own family in particular, she was about to enter a convent.

So Elsie Moore had been raised up again, this time higher than ever before. She was the mother-in-law of royalty. Her final disillusionment, the war, the splitting of the world into axis and non-axis, followed hard on this boost.

She lived to see the son she had been so proud of classed as an enemy alien and locked up on Ellis Island. He had flown here to get at her bedside.

He was soon released and allowed to go back to Italy; but the sorrow of it still weighed heavily on Elsie Moore Torlonia. Unquestionably, it hastened her death.

Elsie Moore Torlonia, Who, During Her Movie-Like Career, Was Called "Princess" to Her Face and "Dollar Duchess" Behind Her Back.



The Duke's Frequent Straying From This Majestic Chamber (the Duchess's Bedroom in Their Roman Palace) Was What Finally Made Her Divorce Him.

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Painted by Lt. McClelland Barclay, U. S. N. R

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Seniors who enlist now for deck or engineering officers will not be called to active duty before next June. Juniors may continue in college until 1943, but may be called to active duty during the period while not attending college next summer.

College students (except freshmen) enlisting now to become Naval Aviation officers will not be required to commence training until the completion of their current college year.

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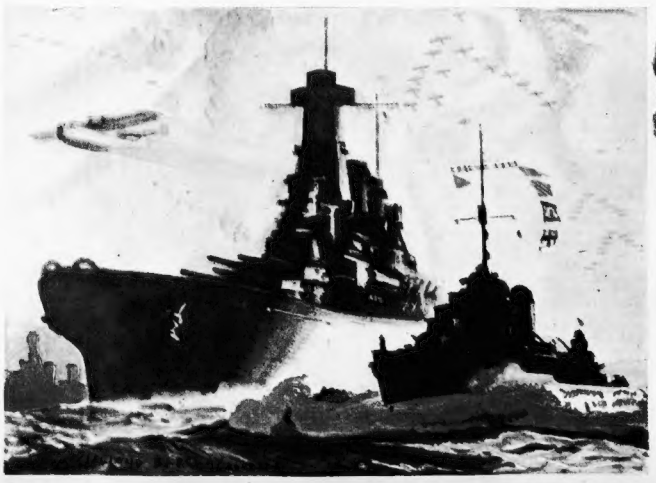

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Don't put this off. Don't wait. Your country needs you. Your fellow countrymen in the Navy need you. And they need you now. Volunteer today. *Even though you have been placed in Class No. 1, Selective Service, you can still enlist in the Navy or Naval Reserve. But you must apply immediately.*

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New Court House & Post Office Bldg., Post Office Square
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Bangor, Me.	P. O. Bldg.	Manchester, N. H.	P. O. Bldg.
Brockton, Mass.	P. O. Bldg. Ann.	New London, Conn.	P. O. Bldg.
Claremont, N. H.	P. O. Bldg.	Pawtucket, R. I.	P. O. Bldg.
Fitchburg, Mass.	P. O. Bldg.	Pittsfield, Mass.	P. O. Bldg.
Framingham, Mass.	P. O. Bldg.	Portland, Me.	Fed. Crt. Hse. Ann.
Greenfield, Mass.	P. O. Bldg.	Rutland, Vt.	P. O. Bldg.
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Worcester, Mass.	P. O. Bldg.		

TWO WORDS that May Reveal the Secret of Ancient Crete's Monstrous Man-Bull

Theseus Encounters the Man-Bull, or Minotaur, in the Labyrinth Under the Palace at Knossos, Crete; the Greek Captives, Who Were the Annual Sacrifices at These Ceremonies, Are Shown Clustered in the Background, and in Front of Theseus Is the Ball of Thread Which Enabled Him to Get Out of the Labyrinth After Killing the Monster.

The Signs on the Rim of the Oil Jar Excavated in Cyprus, Which May Be the Rosetta Stone or Key to the Lost Cretan Civilization. (Exclusive Photograph to The American Weekly Through the Courtesy of Dr. John F. Daniel.)

TWO "signs" 𐄁 𐄂 pronounced **ku the**, and meaning "put the lid on," were inscribed upon the rim of an earthenware oil jar by an inhabitant of the island of Cyprus about 1200 B. C.—and after more than thirty centuries Dr. John F. Daniel, of the University Museum of Pennsylvania, sees in these signs a key that may at last open a vast storehouse of knowledge going back to the beginnings of Greek civilization to 2000 B. C.

While history, written history, was in its swaddling clothes in Mesopotamia, four thousand or more years ago, another history and civilization had been developed on the island of Crete in the Mediterranean. From these beginnings sprang the great Greek culture and literature destined to have a great effect upon the history of man.

These early men wrote in what has come to be known to scientists as **Minoan**, and many inscriptions exist in this language, but hitherto no modern scientist has been able to decipher the inscriptions.

With Dr. Daniel's start of two words, however, it may be possible to solve the riddle of the strange language, printed thousands of years before the Chinese or Gutenberg efforts, as shown in the pressed inscriptions on the disk illustrated on this page.

If the language is deciphered, it may be possible to explain what basis of fact, if any, lies behind many strange stories which have clustered about Crete, once the mightiest sea-power in the world.

There is the story of the monstrous Minotaur, half-bull and half-man, to whom the Athenians sent every year fourteen of their fairest youths and maidens for sacrifice.

There is the story of the mechanical giant which roamed the shores watching for shipwrecked sailors which it burned to death in its arms—the first mention of a robot in all history.

And, too, there is the legend of Daedalus, the great architect and engineer, who made the first working airplane, a form of one-man glider apparently, which must have been somewhat similar to the idea the Russians toyed with a few years ago which would enable them to launch themselves from great planes and land behind enemy lines in gliders.

But most curious of all these legends is undoubtedly that of the Minotaur, for students of history, reading between the lines in the old tale, seem to see in it as a symbol of the decline and fall of this once mighty Eastern empire.

The Minoans were the very ancient people of Crete and they were so called because their kings were always called Minos, just as the rulers of Egypt were called Pharaoh. They were sturdy sea-faring men and, like most sailors, were superstitious.

The story goes that to Minos—one of the early Kings of Crete—was born a half-bull, half-man—a ferocious monster whose appetite could be satisfied only with live human bodies.

The Gold and Ivory Image of the Minoan Goddess, Known to the Ancients as "Our Lady of Sports," Found in the Ruins of Knossos.

The Oldest "Printing" in the World—One of the Disks Discovered in Ancient Crete Which Up to Now Has Never Been Deciphered.

Minos placed the Minotaur in a labyrinth, designed and constructed by Daedalus. It was a maze of corridors and blind alleys which was contrived so that no ordinary man could find his way out.

Minos compelled the Athenians to send a tribute of seven youths and seven maidens every year to be devoured by the Minotaur. Naturally, the Athenians objected, but since Minos was strong and his armies fearful, they obeyed.

The King of Athens had a son named Theseus and Theseus decided to put a stop to the yearly tributes.

The victims were chosen by drawing lots, but Theseus asked his father if he could go. His father said certainly not; but the youth out-argued his old man on every point.

The ship departed under black sails, as usual, but Theseus promised he would return under white sails if he were victorious.

When the ship arrived in Crete that particular batch of youths and maidens were presented to Minos who approved of the lot and ordered them to be taken to the Minotaur. The labyrinth was located under the royal palace of Knossos where Minos lived.

Among the spectators at the court when Minos received the sacrifical victims was his daughter Ariadne. At the time, she was a post-debutante. She had come out years before but eligible males who might have asked for her hand were scared away by her fierce father.

She took one look at Theseus and almost swooned. She had never seen anyone quite as handsome as this young Athenian, but she could hardly ask her father to fix things up when the young man's span of life was a matter of minutes.

Theseus, who wasn't blind, saw that Ariadne was smitten with him. Using a sort of sign language which only lovers can understand, he informed her that if she would give him a sword and a ball of twine, he would slay the Minotaur and rescue her from her father and the dull life of the court.

Ariadne was in the habit of giving the swords to the leaders of the sacrifical party, but usually they were of wood or lead. She didn't do this just to be nasty, but because her father had told her to. The sword she gave Theseus was an iron one and Theseus knew how to use it.

It has been suggested that the Minotaur was a divinity worshiped by the Cretans and that actually he was no monster at all. That probably the king would put on a bull's head, and then through a secret passage from his palace enter the heart of the labyrinth. The youths would be slaughtered by the king's warriors placed in secret niches and the maidens exhausted by their attempts to get out of the maze would eventually land in the king's arms. After making love to them, Minos would slay them.

Theseus may have suspected that there could be no such thing as a bull man or man bull and decided that Minos was back of the plot if not actually the center of it.

He led the band of victims into the labyrinth, telling them to stick close by his side. As he walked through the maze he kept unwinding the ball of twine, so that he could recover his steps back to the opening of the labyrinth if he wanted to.

Theseus encountered the man-bull and killed it. He and the intended victims then followed the trail of twine back to the opening of the maze.

Such is the ancient legend.

What Theseus probably slew was the king, because afterwards without trouble he escaped with Ariadne and his rescued companions and sailed for Greece. On their way, they stopped at the island of Naxos, where Theseus abandoned Ariadne while she slept.

On his way home, Theseus was so elated by his success that he forgot to change the sails on his ship from black to white. Seeing the mourning-draped ship approach and thinking his son dead, the king committed suicide. Thus, Theseus became king of Athens.

It is on the Island of Cyprus that Dr. Daniel hopes to find the "link" between the Minoan language and the Greek of Homer. For on this island, there was used a script, called Cypro-Minoan, which the oil merchant used to write, "put the lid on."

There are sixty or seventy of these Cypro-Minoan "signs" now known and about thirty-one have been identified by Dr. Daniel. With these thirty-one signs as a basis, Dr. Daniel hopes to find clues to the remaining thirty or forty signs whose meaning is not known.

It would be interesting to know, when the language is finally deciphered, if there is any truth to the story of Daedalus. Was he really a forerunner of the Wright brothers? Could he fly? It's just possible.

Daedalus is supposed to have built the labyrinth for Minos, but the king, perhaps fearful that Daedalus would divulge the secret of the maze, locked him up in a tower with his son Icarus.

Daedalus tried to escape but Minos had the land and sea watched.

"Minos may control the land and the sea," said Daedalus, "but not the regions of the air. I will try that way."

So he went to work to make a pair of wings for himself and his son Icarus. He gathered the feathers of birds who made their nests in the tower and sewed and waxed them together. When the work was done and the wings strapped on, Daedalus found he could fly. He next set to work to make a pair for his son. When everything was ready, Daedalus said:

"Icarus, my son, I charge you to keep at a moderate height, for if you fly too low the damp will clog your wings, and if too high the heat will melt them. Keep near me and you will be safe."

The father and son flew out of the tower and out into safety. But the young boy was so happy to fly like a bird that he soared upwards. The sun blazed on the feathers and melted the wax that kept them together. Icarus fluttered him arms but no feathers remained to keep supported. He ca[illegible]ned into the sea, [illegible]here he was drowned and which, ever after, bore his name.

Daedalus arrived safely in Sicily, but he became so proud of his achievements that he couldn't bear the thought of a rival. His sister had placed her son Perdix under his care to learn what he could about the mechanical arts.

Perdix was an apt scholar. He saw the spine of a fish while walking on the seashore and invented the saw. He put two pieces of iron together and made a compass. Daedalus was furious at his nephew's talent and one day pushed him off a high tower.

The goddess Minerva saw him falling and arrested his fate by changing him into a bird called after his name, the partridge. This bird builds its nest in hedges and mindful of its fall, avoids high places.

Curiously enough, most of the discoveries concerning ancient Crete were not found on this island at all, but on the neighboring island of Cyprus.

For example, the site excavated by Dr. Daniel in which he found the clue of the two signs was on Cyprus and had been previously worked by an expedition from the British Museum in 1895, almost fifty years ago.

At that time the British scientists found fragments of an important Mycenaean vase which had been brought to Cyprus by the Greeks in the early days of their colonization, about 1400 B. C.

Fifty years later, Dr. Daniel found thirty-five additional fragments of this vase, one fragment in particular showing plainly a woman gazing out of a window. When the war is over, the fragments may be put with the parts of the vase now in the British Museum and the whole may be seen together.

It was also on the island of Cyprus that Dr. Daniel found the oil jar on which the important inscription occurs. A photograph of the actual rim of the jar, showing the signs, is exhibited on this page. These two signs, as noted before, may be the "Rosetta stone" or key to the lost Cretan civilization.

Crete must have had an advanced civilization in many respects and doubtless she had writers who chronicled the times. Digging there several years ago an expedition from the Toronto Museum, in the hope of finding such a history of Crete, uncovered a magnificent gold and ivory image, known to the ancients as "Our Lady of Sports."

The statuette, reproduced on this page, shows the goddess with her arms upraised in benediction. She is dressed in male attire perhaps because Crete's favorite sport was bull-fighting and "Our Lady of Sports" was venerated especially by the matadors.

An Odd Golden Seal From Knossos, Showing a Garden Party of That Ancient Day—the Sacrificial and Sacred Double Axe, Figures in the Background Revealing That This Was Probably Some Sacred Ceremony.

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How NOT To Be A Ballerina —In One Awful Lesson

No Serious Student of the Ballet Should Break Away From the Formal Patterns of the Dance Into the Hi-De-Ho Antics of the Jitterbug.

DO YOU have a burning passion to be a ballet dancer—to learn to trip the light fantastic toe across the stage with the grace of a fawn? If so, stay away from Toni Sorel, for she's a specialist in what not to do in order to become a star ballerina. In one awkward lesson, she guarantees to teach you everything you shouldn't know about the Terpsichorean art.

Funny thing, though, brown-eyed Toni is more successful at bungling the job of classic dancing than a lot of hard-working novice ballerinas who aspire to execute their turns with Nijinsky-like precision. In explanation, it ought to be said that vivacious Toni is among the cleverest of our modern satirists and pantomimists. She's an expert at panning the ballet.

But don't be fooled by Toni's graceless antics on the stage. She really knows her stuff. It is only by knowing the ballet thoroughly that she can successfully carry on her clowning. Her hi-de-hi-de-ho dancing is achieved by capturing the typical movements of the ballerina, and then over-emphasizing them. She does in dancing what the cartoonist does in caricature.

In working out a pantomime routine, Toni first goes through the entire number in a strictly orthodox way. Then she exaggerates her leaps and turns until she has formulated her own funny interpretation. When the act is ready for public presentation, she usually begins it as a serious ballet, gradually becoming worse and worse until the nymph-like motions of the ballerina take on the characteristics of a broken-down jitterbug.

And speaking of modern jitterbugging, Toni's greatest delight, when not lampooning the ballet, is mimicking the rug-cutters. She's made an art of capturing the over-intent facial expressions of the alligators and the hep cats. She gets her amusing effects by subtle exaggeration and by a remarkable toothy expression. To look like a jitterbug, she contends, you've got to get that "heavenly" expression into your eyes.

In real life, Toni is nothing like the angular grimacer that she is on the stage. When she wipes off those wild-eyed looks, she is more than ordinarily good looking. As to personality, she is hard-working, energetic, charming and intelligent.

GRAPHIC HOUSE PHOTOS

Every Ballet Dancer Seems to Spend a Lot of Time Doing Limbering-Up Exercises But Never—Unless She Has a Sense of Humor—Does She Get Into the Comic Positions Assumed by Toni Sorel in the Photographs Above and at the Left.

Many a Would-Be Ballerina Strikes Poses Similar to the One in Which Miss Sorel Has Worked Herself in the Photograph at the Left, but She Warns Disciples of the Classic Dance Never to Look Like This If They Have Any Idea of Taking Up Ballet Work as a Career.

Where Horses Wear Snowshoes

SNOWSHOES are so important to those whose work or play takes them into the woods during the winter months that it seems only logical for lumbermen and pulpwood cutters to fit snowshoes to their horses' feet also.

Horses are a necessity to timber cutters but they are so much heavier than human beings that they quickly break through the ice crust which would ordinarily support a man. As logs must be collected at the source these horses have to travel through the snow to haul them out. For that reason special snowshoes for the animals have become a regular thing among woodsmen of Scandinavia and among the pulpwood cutters of Newfoundland.

These horse snowshoes are made of wood and are usually round or oval in outline. Holes or grooves are provided to fit them over the caulks on the horses' iron shoes and a rope gear fastens them to the foot. They are not quite as large as the snowshoes used by men but are wide enough to distribute the horses' weight over a larger area so that it produces no greater pressure than that of the average person.

The timber cutters find that wooden snowshoes are a lot easier on their animals and the beasts are able to do a great deal more work in a day without becoming exhausted as they did when they were compelled to always be dragging their feet out of deep snow. The horses soon become accustomed to walking on the snowshoes and frequently display a strong dislike to going to work without them.

"Say, did I tell you the one about me and PALMOLIVE?"
PALMOLIVE for your lovely skin too! It's made with olive and palm oils... Nature's finest beauty aids.
These vegetable oils (no animal fats) are the only oils used in Palmolive's making. Palmolive, alone of all leading soaps, is made with these beauty aids prized since Cleopatra's day... Ask yourself this: Doesn't your sensitive skin deserve the same care that Baby's skin enjoys?
REMEMBER PALMOLIVE'S BEAUTY OILS... olive and palm oils—no others—go into the making of Palmolive.
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE

FIRST CAME OLIVE OIL,
when I was a brand-new baby.

Then came Palmolive, 'cause it's made with Olive and Palm Oils.

"Mother got the idea from Dr. Dafoe. He bathed the famous Dionne Quintuplets first of all with olive oil. Mother always says 'there's nothing too good for my baby', so it was olive oil first for me, too. Then, when it was time for soap-and-water baths, Mother chose Palmolive, like Dr. Dafoe did for the Quins. Palmolive's *made* with olive and palm oils, you know.

"Well, Palmolive and I have had many a good splash together. It lathers up so thick and creamy, and it gets me clean so quick that bath time is fun!

"The ladies have always said the nicest things about my peachy complexion. And now Mother's taken to Palmolive, too. She says, 'If Palmolive's good enough for Baby, why, it's good enough for me!'

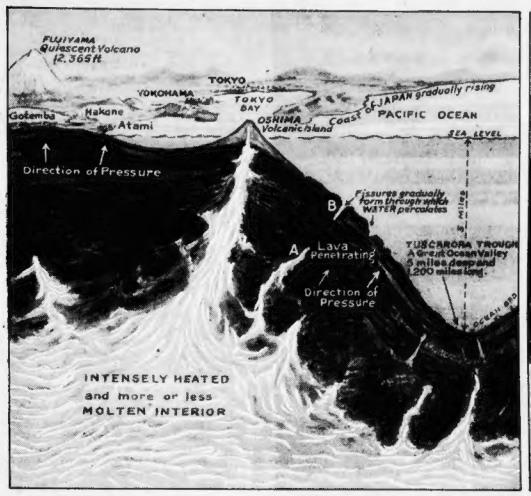
"And by the way, Daddy's shower-singing's louder and happier since my Palmolive has had a regular place in the soap-dish.

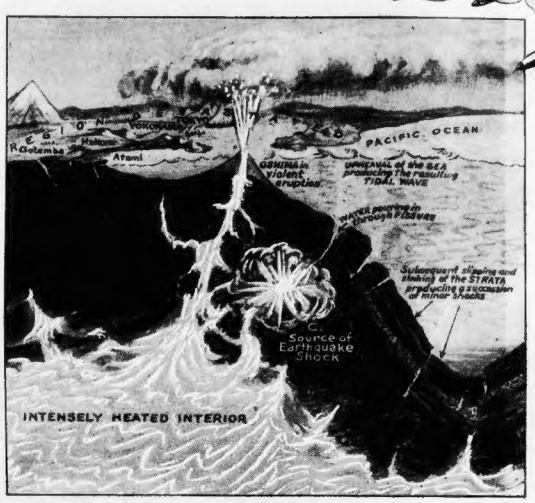
"We're a Palmolive family now. All because Mother thinks that anything you put on your skin is pretty important, and you ought to know what your soap is made with. Palmolive, she knows, is made with olive and palm oils. And Daddy and I know something else, too. Gee, is Mummy pretty these days! And is her skin soft and smooth when you touch it! You can tell Daddy's proud of her, just the way he looks at her and whispers nice things to her every now and then...

"So I'm glad I came along and brought our family the soap that's made with olive and palm oils... Palmolive."

Blowing Up the Japs' Volcanoes

Dr. Whitnall, Colgate Geologist, Tells How Our Fliers Could Bomb Out the Lava "Corks" of Japan's Many Craters and Probably Bring Devastation by Quake and Tidal Wave




PACIFIC OCEAN
Gotemba
Atami
OSHIMA in Violent Eruption
UNVEILING of the SEA producing the resulting TIDAL WAVE
WATER POURING through FISSURE
Subsequent slipping and shaking of the STRATA producing a succession of minor shocks
C
Source of Earthquake Shock
INTENSELY HEATED INTERIOR

Drawings by the British Artist-Scientist G. F. Morrell.

THE CAUSE OF AN EARTHQUAKE THAT WRECKED THE JAPS' TWO BIGGEST CITIES

The Above Diagram Shows Oshima, One of Japan's Worst "Dragons Under the Earth," Which Caused the Great Earthquake of 1923. Here Are Revealed the Stresses and Strains in the Under-Ocean Crust Which Cause Fissures (B) to Open. Through These, the Sea Water Seeps Down Toward the Boiling Lava (A) and Molten Matter of Which They Are Part.

When at Last the Fissure Becomes Deep Enough for the Water to Reach the Lava, the Explosion Is Like That of an Enormous Bomb; Here Is Shown What Happened in the Case of the Oshima Eruption With the Plug of the Volcano Blown Out, Producing Convulsions Which Caused the Devastating Earthquake and Tidal Wave of the Historic 1923 Catastrophe.

By DR. HAROLD O. WHITNALL,
Professor of Geology, Colgate University,

"THE AMERICAN shortwave listening post reports a broadcast by the Russian radio at Moscow that states U. S. bombers are striking at the crater of Oshima in Japan and that dense clouds are rising from the mountain's summit.

"Loud detonations are heard. Whether these explosions are due to bombs alone or to volcanic action is as yet undetermined. The populace is in a panic. Older inhabitants liken the situation to that of the great Japanese disaster of 1923, when Yokohama and Tokyo were nearly wiped off the map."

Fantastic as it may seem now, there is no reason why such a message should not be heard later on in this war.

The civilized world has stood appalled at the treacherous bombing of our own Pearl Harbor and the wanton destruction loosed by the death-dealing eggs of the Germans in Europe. But all these acts pale before the death and destruction that, from time to time, spews forth from the throats of volcanoes.

There is no need to sit idly by waiting for nature to produce these eruptions.

If the Axis wants total war it can be given by dropping tons of bombs down great volcanoes and breaking the all-too-insecurely held plugs—no matter how loudly the familiar chorus of the "it-can't-be-dones" rings out.

By merely cracking these plugs in the throats of volcanoes it should be possible to release the pent-up pressures of molten lava which are bottled-up beneath, producing not alone cataclysmic eruptions but also possible earthquakes and tidal waves.

Put a good emetic into a volcanic crater in the form of some high-explosive bombs, and there is no telling what could or would happen.

What would happen in Japan is interesting to contemplate. Two-thirds of all the world's 200-odd active volcanoes are concentrated in the islands of the Japanese Empire. If ever a nation sat on top of a keg of infernal dynamite Japan is that nation.

Deep down beneath her surfaces the white-hot lava is bubbling and smoldering and boiling under terrific temperature and pressure.

One may say that this is the situation in other parts of the world, too.

But the position of Japan is especially precarious. These islands are located on top of great upward and vertical faults in the earth's solid rocky crust.

Such subterranean faults are merely great cracks in the crust of the earth. They are like inverted funnels which allow the lava to flow upward and escape to the outside. The point where they escape is a volcano.

At Fuji-san or Fujiyama, and at the famous "suicide volcano" of Mihara are found the seams in the earth's crust opening into the internal inferno that lies beneath man's feet.

One thing—and the most important—that makes it possible to build cities like Tokyo literally on top of molten-rock is that the internal plumbing of the earth becomes stopped up just like plumbing in your own home.

Solid rock-like plugs of lava form in the active craters of volcanoes and most of the time these plugs prevent eruptions. But just as home plumbing can spring a leak so, too, do volcanoes spring leaks.

If the central vent of a volcano becomes clogged the internal vapors and lava often seep out the sides of the volcano.

What giant aerial bombs—say land mines of the type Germany has used over London—could do, is to fall within the crater of a volcano and shatter the plug. The resulting release of pent-up internal forces would probably create a great eruption.

It would not be necessary, even, to shatter the plug completely. All that would be needed would be to weaken and crack it a bit. The internal pressure would do the rest.

What would happen would be like pulling the cork on a bottle of champagne. Everyone knows it is not necessary to remove the cork completely. All you need to do is to loosen the cork and the "fizz" of the champagne will do the rest. So it would be with a volcano.

The great aerial mines which can level a whole block of buildings with one blast would be ideal for such work on volcanoes. These aerial mines are not particularly destructive to human beings as are high explosive bombs, but they have terrific force when they blast against some rigid objects such as buildings. Their concussion wave is the thing which does the job, and they ought to work on the plugs in volcanoes, too.

Natural forces alone, working on the pent-up internal fury that lies beneath the Japanese Islands, caused one of the worst disasters in history back in 1923; the tremendous earthquake that laid waste to the city of Yokohama and destroyed two-thirds of Tokyo.

Without benefit of man-made bombs to stir up explosions, the dragon underneath the earth's rock crust writhed and shook the whole Empire.

There was a cataclysm of eruption and convulsions. The countryside was strewn with hundreds of thousands of dead bodies. Homes were razed to the ground, water rose and drowned some and the erstwhile quiet volcano at Oshima began to spurt hot debris.

Billions of dollars worth of property were destroyed.

While an inferno of flame roared all around them thousands of little Japs knelt in prayer, heedless of the hissing fires.

This calamity had come upon them so suddenly that they were dazed and indifferent to their own fates and the fate of their neighbors. Little yellow men listened, almost callously to the screams of terror issuing from burning doors behind which whole families were trapped and cooked to death.

This was Mother Nature herself, tinkering with the earth's plumbing.

Stresses and strains in the earth's crust caused many fissures to form in the under-ocean rocks to the east of the Japanese Coast. Ocean water seeped into these little tunnels, while at the same time lava from the intensely heated interior pushed upward with increasing pressure.

Finally, it is believed, the seeping water and the pushing lava met. Superheated steam turned into other, simpler gases, like hydrogen. The result was a great explosion and shattering convulsions of the earth.

The land heaved and opened up. Great fires started. There was a tremendous upheaval of the sea and a violent eruption of the volcanic island of Oshima.

Many such disasters, brought on not by Nature, but by enemies of the Nipponese people might be a strong weapon for the Allies.

While death and destruction can come swiftly from the fires of a volcano, this hazard is only supplementary to the nation-wide blow to morale that a volcanic eruption could occasion in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Fuji-san of the Japanese is the Sacred Mountain, intimately bound up with their religion. Its mutterings and lava spews are considered the wrath of angry gods. National consternation would come if Fuji-san erupted.

Another queer twist of the Japanese mind when thinking of volcanoes is the case of the curious "suicide volcano," Mt. Mihara on the island of Oshima in the Bay of Tokyo.

The crater of Mihara is a deep narrow pit, only a few hundred feet across and over 1,500 feet straight down in precipitous cliffs. As late as 1933 it was the scene of hundreds of mass suicides from lovers who believed that within its depths they could find the perfect death; a death in which their spirits would reach the equivalent of a Japanese Heaven without pain and without delay.

So great became the appeal of Mihara as a suicide site that one of the great Tokyo newspapers arranged for scientists to descend in a tiny aerial car down into its depths. There, they hoped to find the skeletons of the suicides and prove that the bodies did not vanish completely as the Japanese legend of suicide said they did.

Dr. Tokuzo Iwata, in asbestos suit and oxygen mask, made this gruesome trip down into the fuming vapors of Mihara. At a ledge some 1,200 feet deep his tiny cage stopped, and he saw bodies of suicide victims lying there. The suicide legend was broken, but for years the Japanese had to guard this volcano to prevent other leaps by persons who still would not believe reality.

I believe it is possible to create volcanic eruptions by aerial bombing, and after the treacherous and dastardly bombing of Pearl Harbor in peacetime I should like to see Americans set the fires of nature to work on our side.

An emetic given to human beings often produces more severe spasms than occur naturally. Perhaps it could be done, too, with natural forces.

In fact it already has been done with nature. The action of geysers is, in many ways, similar to the action of volcanoes. Once, by accident, some unknown forest ranger dropped a bar of soap into the quiet pool of a geyser in one of our western national parks.

Immediately the geyser erupted long before its regular interval. This experiment has been tried many times on geysers. In some cases the periods of the geysers have been shortened by this action. Is it not conceivable that constant bombing of volcanoes could bring them eventually in constant eruption? Certainly it is possible, and this act would make the island of Japan practically uninhabitable.

There are many other reasons for thinking that tinkering with the plumbing of Mother Earth could do great damage. Remember that earthquakes usually accompany violent volcanic eruptions.

Volcanoes relieve, for a brief time, the tremendous internal gas pressures of the earth; pressures which often raise up the earth's crust preceptibly.

When the volcano explodes, the pressure is released and the internal structure of the earth falls back to normal levels. Earthquakes are the settling of the earth to such positions and represent relief of the stresses which formerly existed.

A picture of just one among Japan's many earthquakes is shown on this page and reveals total destruction in Tokyo that occurred on September 1, 1923. Only the battered streets of Rotterdam or Coventry can rival such scenes. In all 99,331 Japanese were killed in this single incident.

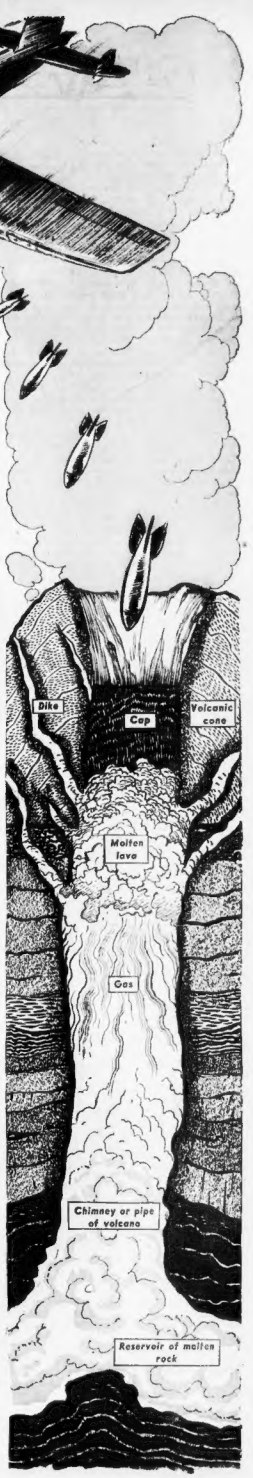
Because they have most of the world's active volcanoes the Japanese are among the most expert of all scientists on vulcanology and seismology; the sciences studying volcanoes and earthquakes. They have to be. They have so many of them. You may be sure that the Japanese scientists are well aware of the dangers of the bombing attack which I suggest here.

Only there is nothing much they can do about it. Once the furies of the earth's internal fires are released, the perils of Dante's Inferno pale into insignificance.

If ever volcanoes are to be given an emetic, now is the time to do it when armed strife stalks the earth.

Some one-ton bombs marked "Made in U. S. A." might be just what the doctor ordered.

Section of Tokyo Devastated by the Eruption of Oshima in 1923, With Its Subsequent Quakes and Tidal Waves.



How a Bomber Could Drop Aerial Bombs Or, Better Still, Huge Land Mines Into a Volcano Crater. The Concussion Waves Would Destroy, Crack or Loosen the Lava Plugs and Release the Pent-Up Molten Matter and Gases, Causing an Eruption, Quakes and Tidal Waves That Would Probably Cause More Destruction Than Several Invading Armies.

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THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

RIDDLE in RED

by Jonathan Stagge

Karen, Supported by Oliver, Was Staring at the Man for Whom the Entire Police Force Was Searching. A Bullet Wound in His Head, He Lay at Her Feet on the Floor of Rowley's Barn, Dead.

"RUINING my life. Three little society girls. They thought they could get away with it. But there's someone worse'n them," said Albert Williams, taxi driver and murder suspect to me, Dr. Hugh Westlake in my home in quiet Kenmore. Hunted by the police following the strange death of lovely red-haired Norma Hale, two days before, he did not know I was working on the case.

A few hours before the tragedy, Norma, engaged to Oliver Church, had told me that she and a friend, Libby Brompton, found dead months before, had done something terrible, that she was pursued by a man in a yellow taxi and feared she was going to be murdered in revenge. I read a letter from Libby saying the taxi driver had threatened her and sworn to get Norma and Toni next. I went to Fallowfield, Norma's home near-by, to talk further. Presently Norma galloped up the drive lit with Christmas lights, screamed and toppled off her horse. Her neck was broken. I saw a yellow car slide away in the dark.

Later, my young daughter, Dawn, showed me where a wire had been strung over the drive. I agreed to aid my friend, Inspector Cobb solve what we figured as a deliberate murder. I kept in touch with Karen, Norma's red-haired twin sister, Persis, their divorced mother, now Mrs. David Rowley, Mrs. Rowley's sister, Grace, wife of Judge Salter, Oliver, David and the Judge. Cobb started a hunt for the taxi driver.

Then Francis Hale, the twins' father advanced a new murder motive. He said Persis and Grace got $60,000 a year from the estate of their father, Samuel Shipton but that the three grandchildren, Jimmie Salter, Norma and Karen were to receive $20,000 each on marriage or on reaching twenty-five. Jimmie, engaged to Karen two years ago, had been killed at that time in an accident. Hale practically accused the two women of liquidating Jimmie and Norma to save their own income and said Karen was now in danger.

Cobb was impressed by this angle. Then it developed that Karen herself was Toni, the third girl on the taxi driver's list and that Oliver had fallen in love with her while engaged to Norma. I got a new jolt when I learned that a man, evidently the taxi driver, had borrowed paper from Dawn, written a note and gone to Fallowfield. Fearing for Karen, I rushed after him only to find that Karen had hurried out, dropping a scrawl bidding her meet the writer. Oliver, Hale, Rowley and I trailed her and discovered her unconscious in a quarry. She had been hit on the head. We carried her home where she speedily recovered. But when I told her I knew the taxi driver had killed Norma and tried to murder her, she insisted Norma's fall and her own were accidents.

Cobb declared she feared the taxi driver would spill the dirt on her and promised to nail him. The next day, the fugitive called on me to have burns on his hands dressed. It was then, as I wondered how to hold him, that he remarked, after denouncing Libby, Norma and Karen: "There's someone worse'n them. Getting up on that ladder and fixing that wire."

Suddenly he stopped and Judge Salter burst in. "That's the man who murdered my son," he cried. The taxi driver fled. The Judge then told me before his wife that Jimmie had been brought to him, his back broken, his clothes whisky-soaked with a card on them reading: "This is the model son of Judge Salter. Kindly return him to his father at the Night Court." Mrs. Salter took the Judge to his car, then returned and added that Jimmy always drank, had deceived his father and made up to red-haired girls. One girl was Norma's friend. She told Norma who told Karen. Karen then broke her engagement to Jimmie. "The girl's name," said Mrs. Salter, "was Libby Brompton."

(And Now Go On With the Story)

XIX

THE moment Mrs. Salter mentioned Libby Brompton it was as if she had added the key-piece to a jig-saw puzzle, making into a clear, comprehensible pattern something which before had been a mere jumble of uncorrelated fragments. In that instant the truth behind the murder at Fallowfield was suddenly clear to me; the whole weird saga of the three redheads and the taxi-driver's revenge became obvious. Of course I saw now. I saw exactly what must have happened.

Grace Salter was watching me. There was something rather splendid about the integrity of her straight, unflinching stare. "Doctor Westlake, I've told you the truth. In return you must promise me something. Please, please, never let the Judge know. It would break his heart if he found out that Jimmie hadn't been the—model son."

"You can rely on me," I said.

But my thoughts were only half with my words, because I was thinking of the next move. By far the most vital thing, of course, was to capture the taxi driver. I had failed miserably at that. But there was something else that had to be done. Karen Hale had to be put through her paces. From the moment I had learned that she was Toni, I had felt she held the key to the mystery. Now I was sure of it; sure, too, that if I played my hand right, it would no longer be difficult to force the truth from her.

"If you're going back to Fallowfield, Mrs. Salter," I said. "Maybe you'd give me a ride."

"Why, yes, Doctor Westlake. But what . . . ?"

I didn't answer her question. I left her for a hurried conversation with Dawn, telling her to send Cobb over to Fallowfield if he arrived and ordering her sternly to keep the house locked and to let no one in until I returned. With Albert Williams still on the loose, I was taking no chances.

When I joined the Salters in their car, the Judge had regained his composure, but he was still pale and silent, and the moment we reached Fallowfield, his wife hustled him upstairs. I went into the living-room where I found Persis Rowley, serene as ever, sitting alone by the fire working on a piece of embroidery.

"You want something, Doctor, Westlake?"

"I want to see Karen. Know where she is?"

"I believe she's on the terrace at the back of the house—with Oliver."

She was right. I found the two young people sitting on the balustrade of the broad, flagged terrace, staring out across the dark valley which was transfigured into a wonderland by the starlight shimmering on the snow. I was cold, but they both wore warm coats and sat close together, hand in hand. Apparently now Norma was dead, they no longer made any attempt to conceal the fact of their love.

Neither of them seemed particularly pleased to see me. Oliver jumped off the balustrade and glared. Karen turned, drawing her fur coat more closely around her slim body as if my appearance reminded her that the night was cold.

"Oh, it's you, Doctor Westlake."

I felt rather tense. "I've come to talk to you."

"To Karen?" The words came belligerently from Oliver. "What do you want to talk to Karen about?"

"That's something for Karen to find out. I'm going to speak to her alone."

"But . . . "

"Please, Oliver. Let him talk to me alone if he wants to." Karen was putting on an elaborate but not very successful show of indifference. She moved off the balustrade, went to Oliver and patted his arm. "Run along, darling. We won't be long."

Apparently, she had that aggressive young man eating out of her hand. He went, without a murmur, striding sulkily away and through the French windows into the house.

Karen stood there, a pale, slender, shadow in the starlight, staring at me. Even in the darkness I could sense the tautness behind the carefully casual front.

"Well, Doctor Westlake—what is it?"

"Don't you think it's about time you told me the truth?"

"The truth? What about?"

"About your sister's murder, for one thing. About the murder attempt on you, for another. About . . . oh, about almost everything."

"I don't think I know what you mean."

"I think you do. Last night you lied to me. In fact, you've been lying from the very beginning." I paused. "I think it's only fair to warn you that it won't do any good to lie any more because I know the truth."

That shook her. I could tell—from the way her hands clenched together into fists.

"What," she said very softly, "do you know the truth about?"

"About you," I said. "And Norma and Libby Brompton. About what you did to—Jimmie Salter."

She had no defense prepared against that attack—absolutely none. A little shiver ran through her whole body. Her hand, like a creamy lunar moth in the darkness, fluttered to her throat.

"You . . . you . . . !"

"It wasn't hard to put the pieces together once I got them. You were engaged to Jimmie—and then you broke the engagement just before he died. You broke the engagement because you suddenly discovered he was a heel who made up to every redhead he saw. You discovered it because he'd been fool enough to make a pass at Libby Brompton and Libby had told Norma and Norma told you. That's what happened, isn't it?"

She seemed in a daze now as if my words had hurled her headlong into an abyss of memories which entirely engulfed the present moment. It wasn't very pleasant for me, but I had to go through with it.

"You and Norma, and Libby," I said. "That's the prologue. A taxi accident outside the Night Court in New York—a taxi accident with a dead-drunk passenger and a dead-drunk driver . . . that's the end of the first act, isn't it?"

Slowly, very slowly, she moved so that she was staring straight at me. I could just see her eyes and the haunted misery in them.

"Then you do know!" she whispered. "It's strange Dr. Westlake, but in a way it's almost a relief to have someone know—at last." Impulsively she turned away. "It's cold here. Let's go indoors."

Avoiding the living-room where the others were, she took me into a small study-like room whose walls were lined with books. A cheerful fire was blazing. She sat down in front of it, holding her hands out to the flames, the fur coat loose around her shoulders. Her eyes stared unseeingly in her dead white face and when she spoke it was as if she were speaking to herself.

"I used to try to pretend that it never happened, that it was just a terrible nightmare. It almost worked—until Norma died. Now it's real again, so real that it's the only thing in my life, like a ghastly fox gnawing at me." She gave a little sob. "Libby's dead! Norma's dead! And I'm alive—when I'm the one who should be dead because it was all my fault. All my fault."

I DIDN'T say anything. I just stood there behind her unobtrusively. I could tell she felt no more antagonism to me. In fact, I hardly existed for her. I was just something impersonal and yet sympathetic on which to unload part of her dreadful, lonely burden.

"You know the beginning," she said. "I loved Jimmie. I'd loved him ever since I could remember. I thought he was the most glamorous person in the world. Oh, I knew that he—he sometimes got drunk at parties and things. But it never seemed sinister. All the boys used to take drinks. And I knew he was attractive; of course I did. All my girl friends were crazy about him. But that only made me—kind of proud."

She paused. There was something pitiful about her small slippered toe thrust out toward the fire.

"I never dreamed—any more than his father did, that he was no-good; that he really drank, that he . . . he'd been carrying on with other women. You see, he was so clever and careful. He always picked people I didn't know or his family didn't know. He was so careful—until he met Libby. He met her the week after he'd become engaged to me. And I guess he felt so safe about me that he forgot to be careful. He made a pass at Libby. She told Norma. Norma told me. And overnight the whole house of cards collapsed around my head."

She leaned forward, the firelight playing over her gleaming red hair. "And that wasn't all. You see, Libby knew other girls he'd . . . he'd made up to. I realized just exactly how I'd been fooled; I realized how for years, when I'd thought he loved me, I'd just been a sort of anchor—someone to use as an excuse whenever he got into a jam. I wasn't just angry or heartbroken. It went deeper than that. It was as—as if suddenly everything in the world had become beastly, hateful. I couldn't bear it—not until I'd found some sort of way of revenging myself."

So the whole tragic tale was moving down the path I had anticipated.

She went on: "Libby and Norma were with me. I knew that. Both of them were ready to—to do anything to see him exposed in his true colors. The three of us got together—and we thought out what seemed like the perfect retribution."

There was a little catch in her voice. She swung round to me then, consciously looking at me for the first time since we had come into the room. "If only we'd been able to foresee what would happen! If only we'd been able to undo it! Oh, at the time, we knew it was mean. But we meant it to be

(Continued on Page 14)

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Can You Find a WHITE Marigold?

Don't Give Up Your Flower Garden, Urges the Government, Because It's One of the Best Things for Morale —And Here's a Search That Might Be Very Profitable as Well as Interesting

Bomb Shelters With Flower Gardens Growing in Them Like This One to Help Keep Blitzed Britishers Saying "Thumbs Up" and Carrying On in a Calm, Sane Way.

Colchicine, Magic Drug of the Plant World, Created the Over-Sized Marigold on the Left and Makes Its Parent-Plant Look Stunted by Comparison.

By GEORGE H. ECKHARDT

EVERYONE who has a little good earth is going to garden for victory in 1942.

But that doesn't mean that everyone should grab a spade, dig up the backyard, or roadside, and grow nothing but cabbages, potatoes, string beans, carrots and spinach all over the lot.

It's patriotic this year to grow flowers too.

So if you have a little ground of your own and your hobby is roses, there is no need to pull up those precious bushes and plant sweetcorn or some other edible crop instead.

Flowers, trees and shrubs are as necessary for the "mental diet" of the country as vegetables are for stilling that hidden hunger of the body.

This was the decision of 150 plant experts who were invited by Claude R. Wickard, Secretary of Agriculture, to join him in a recent conference in Washington, to decide what the "defense" program of gardeners in this country should be.

Vegetables, of course, are important but the farmers of this nation will be able to feed everyone without too much trouble and everyone with a small garden patch will want to help provide for his own family's dinner table.

A bouquet on that table may be an aid to digestion in times of stress. An hour's work among the innocent-faced purple pansies, or coaxing the fragrant Sweet William along can do a lot to take the edge off the worst war news we have to face.

Neglecting to cultivate any of the beauties of our country might have the opposite effect —giving otherwise stout-hearted Americans a feeling of futility.

Growing flowers, even in blitzed England, isn't considered a waste of time. Many a bomb shelter there wears decorative blooms on its exterior. They may help camouflage the family haven of safety but more important, caring for the flowers may help to keep the family sane.

Flower gardens outside defense plants are suggested in our own country, and might even spur the millions of American workers to greater production. The grounds are being landscaped, and trees and shrubs planted outside some of our military training camps.

Plant breeders throughout the nation are not going to stop turning out new varieties of flowers. They are working harder than ever to brighten the country's flowerbeds.

If you are a marigold enthusiast here is something that may interest you.

You are invited to take on the role of scientific plant sleuth in your own backyard.

The object of the hunt is not to find a plant criminal but a pure white marigold.

You've never seen one?

Neither has anyone else, so far as garden experts know. But growing such a new flower, or finding one from which he can breed others, is the task which Mr. David Burpee, noted plant experimenter of Philadelphia, has set for himself.

Should some gardener find a white marigold in his own back yard, Mr. Burpee has asked that he be notified.

Such a "white" sheep (we couldn't very well call a colorless flower a "black" sheep) in any family of red, yellow and orange flowers would be what plant experts call a sport or mutation. It would be an "albino" among flowers, just as a person with pure white hair, nearsighted, pinkish eyes and other unusual characteristics is an albino in the human race.

Spying this unusual fellow in your own garden—if fortune has placed such a plant oddity there—should be easy.

With one white marigold as a starter it would be possible for a plant expert to develop a whole new marigold family. If no such plant is found, the Philadelphia scientist will try to develop one artificially by using some chemical growth substance, like colchicine, or other technique.

Asked if he believes it would be possible to raise a blue marigold, this garden expert shakes his head and says he doesn't hope to produce such a variation.

It would be scientifically impossible because marigolds belong to the yellow or xanthic family of flowers and while their pigment can vary in shades of red, or orange, and may even develop into purple, there is no "machinery" in the flower to turn it into a pure blue. Blue flowers belong to another or cyanic family. Their offspring always will be blue, unless color is missing entirely and they are white.

Looking for oddities in the plant world is no newly thought up pastime for keeping people out of mischief. Plant experts always have been searchers after the "mistakes" of Nature, hoping they could turn these errors into advantages.

A few years ago the hunt was not for a colorless marigold, but for one with smell-less leaves. A peculiarly obnoxious odor about the common garden variety made them mildly unpopular with some flower lovers.

Finally, a lonely missionary in China, Dr. Carter D. Holton, sent word that he had one ounce of seed from a marigold he had found growing so far across the sea —a flower with odorless foliage.

Some of the seeds of the wild Chinese marigold were shipped to this country.

They were planted and pampered like babies But not unlike some human offspring, they turned out to be a disappointment to their foster father, David Burpee. The foliage was odorless, it is true, for the leaves were without oil glands to exude the objectionable substance. But this marigold from the Far East was late flowering, and poorly shaped, except for a single plant from which a fine marigold was developed.

The search started all over again for an odorless marigold that would give blooms all Summer, early and late.

Right in his own fields in California, Mr. Burpee had millions of marigold plants He gave orders that each of them should be smelled for its foliage.

After seven million plants had been sniffed one odorless variety was found.

This strain differed from the wild Chinese marigold which had no oil glands at all. The California marigolds with odorless foliage had oil glands in their leaves but these glands were empty.

From the single odorless specimen the modern smell-less marigolds grew. (But, unfortunately, even the bugs like 'em.)

Many other changes have been made in these velvety flowers since the first white man saw them in their native tropical haunts—when Cortez conquered Mexico.

From the two original families, the small French marigold and the larger so-called African one, varieties have been developed resembling chrysanthemums, carnations, peonies and other flowers. But the colors still remain reds, oranges and yellows.

Even that chemical magician, colchicine, which has produced so many plant "miracles" has not been able, so far, to produce a marigold of any other hue.

But this yellow powder, derived from the root of the meadow saffron or autumn crocus has turned some of these flowers into giants. By "shocking" an ordinary marigold, the chemical makes it produce giant offspring, sometimes a half foot or more across. This is because the chromosomes—small rodlike particles that contain the heredity mechanism of the plants—are doubled in each new colchicine-treated cell.

Many amateur scientists today are using colchicine. They all know that this drug is a deadly poison and that a small amount of solution in the eye might result in blindness, or on the skin cause a serious irritation. No one should use colchicine without caution.

Other "hobbyists" may want to indulge their creative instincts by developing bigger and better flowers, vegetables or fruits and creating new varieties of plants.

For their benefit, and after consulting an expert on the subject, The American Weekly offers its readers the general rules for using colchicine.

The treatment may be applied to seeds, seedlings, growing tips of twigs or expanding buds or bulb scales.

Different techniques are applied to different plants but in general the procedure is as follows:

Glycerine	8 parts
Water	2 parts
Emulsifying agent	1 drop

To this mixture add colchicine to make one-tenth of one per cent of the total solution Apply to plants with a brush. Leave on for 24 hours, then wash in running water for two hours. Seeds may be soaked in colchicine solution for a week. Seedlings may be placed on filter paper soaked with the solution for 3 to 24 hours. Shoots and bulbs may be brushed with the solution.

It is doubted that the use of this chemical ever would develop the white marigold Mr. Burpee is looking for, but it does "shock" ordinary marigolds into further beauty and bigger size

Another use of colchicine is to make hybrid plants fertile. Many experimenters have created new plants by crossing two different varieties, but usually the plant that resulted was not fertile its seeds would not grow. This is because the seeds of the hybrids carried only half the number of chromosomes that were in the original parent plants

Cross-breeding of flowers is a tedious affair—when carried out by man. Nature intended that this job should go to the bees and other insects. But man found their results too much of a hit or miss affair

To cross two marigolds, or other flowers, the experimenter must usually prepare one of the parent flowers by eliminating all the male parts in the flower head Then he gathers pollen from the other prospective parent

The flowers from which pollen is to be taken are picked in the evening and taken into a dry room. A dozen flowers probably will supply only enough pollen to make a small yellow spot. This pollen then is transferred, by means of a camel's hair brush onto the stigma, or female parts, of the prospective mother flower, which is still growing on the plant.

Nature herself has simplified this problem for man a bit by creating certain plants, known as "male steriles" which have no male parts. If the gardener is fortunate enough to find such a male sterile with just the right color, size and other characters he wants to perpetuate in a new plant, half his work is done for him for he won't need to remove any male parts and can use the flower for the "mother."

Because of its ability to make the seeds of hybrid plants fertile, colchicine may become a plant drug of world-wide economic value.

Another interesting growth chemical to use on plants is Beta napthoxyacetic acid, used by Dr. P. W Zimmerman of the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research, Yonkers, New York, to produce seedless tomatoes and other seedless fruits.

In his researches he sprayed the chemical on clusters of tomato blossoms with two or three freshly opened flowers and several large buds A few days after the spraying, which was done with great care so the growing tips would not be touched by the acid, the seedless fruit started to set. The resulting fruit was just as large as ordinary tomatoes, with seeds, and slightly sweeter.

Use of Beta napthoxyacetic acid offers opportunity to patient researchers to develop other seedless fruits, possibly cherries, watermelons and even raspberries and blackberries

It also affects the size and shape of flowers and may be useful in producing bigger and better blossoms for victory gardens

Here's to the flowers of 1942! May those who don't find the white marigold grow the finest hollyhocks, petunias or sweetpeas ever!

Small Holes, or Oil Glands, in the Leaf on the Right Secrete the Characteristic Marigold Odor Obnoxious to Some. Both Glands and Odor Are Absent From the Chinese Marigold Leaf on the Left; Burpee's Golden Variety Has Glands But No Oil.

Seven Million Marigold Plants in California Were Smelled Before One Was Found With Odorless Leaves and From That Solitary Plant This Beautiful Golden Variety Was Developed.

She's Planting "Morale" for Wartime America Just as All Gardeners Have Been Asked to Do by Secretary Claude R. Wickard of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

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Rare Old Photograph of the Main Street of Virginia City, Nevada, Famous Boom Town of the Comstock Lode. The Rich Vein at Last Exhausted, the Gamblers, Miners, and Gay Ladies Slipped Quietly Away Leaving a Ghost Town Behind Them.

JUST about eighty-two years ago the first of the daring Pony Express riders put spurs to his horse and dashed away in a cloud of alkali dust on the first lap of the gruelling 2000 miles of wild and wooly West with its bad Indians, outlaws, mountain blizzards, raging streams, stifling deserts and wilderness that lay between the Mississippi and California.

It was the beginning of the era of the gambler and the hurdy-gurdy girl, the badman and the gun-fighting marshal who blazed their way with six-shooters through the hell-roaring frontier camps. About the only law was coiled in a rope on a Vigilante's saddle.

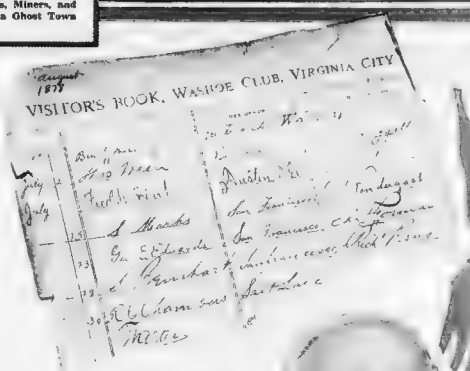
The story of those colorful, dramatic days has been written for readers of The American Weekly by Frank Murphy, who roamed our last frontier for more than half a century as cowboy, Indian scout, freighter and buffalo hunter "when there was no Sunday west of Kansas City and no God west of Fort Smith."

Oh, don't you remember sweet Betsy from Pike,
Who crossed the big mountains with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of cattle, a big yellow dawg,
A tall Shanghai rooster and one spotted hawg.

They stopped at Salt Lake to inquire the way,
When Brigham declared that sweet Betsy should stay;
But Betsy got frightened and ran like a deer,
While Brigham stood pawing the ground like a steer.

A miner said, "Betsy, will you dance with me?"
"I will that, old hoss, if you don't make too free;
But don't dance too hard; do you want to know why?
Dawgone you, I'm chock full of strong alkali!"

—Sweet Betsy from Pike, famous ballad of the Overland Trail.



A Page From the Visitors' Book of the Washoe Club in 1878. Here Virginia City's Fabulous "Silver Millionaires," in Cutaways and Corduroy, Celebrated Their Good Fortune—and Bad. The Book Contained the Names of Thomas A. Edison, Gen. Sherman, and Other Famous Visitors Who Came to See the Workings of a Real Bonanza.

CHAPTER II.

Old Pancake and His Restless Wife.

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THE Indians didn't know what to make of the flying riders of the Pony Express. They spied on the solitary palefaces galloping hell-bent back and forth over the trail, passed the news along with their signal fires, and smeared on a fresh coat of warpaint.

The early immigrants had been kind of reckless the way they handled their firearms when they went through on their way to the California gold camps. Somehow, it seemed like a redskin got in the way about every time a muzzle-loader went off.

We used to say Indians didn't count when you figured up how many men you'd killed. It was like the story of an old trapper who was asked why he shot an Indian. He said he did it "to keep the red devils from stealing his traps."

"Did th' one yuh killed steal any?"

"Nope, reckon he didn't," the trapper scratched his beard, "but he sure looked like he might."

Bill Hickman, one of the Mormons' Destroying Angels, shot three Indians in Nevada once, "jus' fur th' fun o' seein' 'em kick."

A lot more were sent to their happy huntin' grounds for about the same reason. That kind of killing cost plenty of lives before the Old West got slowed down to a walk.

It wasn't long after the Pony riders started streaking across the wild stretches of Nevada before Old Winnemucca, chief of the Piutes, put on his fightin' feathers. The real trouble began with the "Rush to Washoe." That stampede was just after they struck a ledge of silver and gold on Mount Davidson that turned out to be the biggest bonanza in history.

The surface diggin's in California had been pretty well cleaned out. News of the rich strike in Nevada set the country off on a new gold rush. A steady stream of miners was pouring down out of the California mountain passes.

Old Winnemucca saw the white man coming back. He remembered some things that happened when they went through on their way to California. This time he saw the paleface was coming to stay. And the white man was a destroyer. He was building camps. Worse than that he was cutting down the pine trees. That was destroying the pine nuts, Indian food.

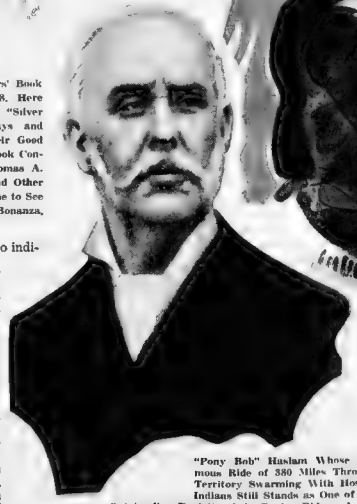
Scouts, skulking through the canyons and sagebrush, spotted crews putting up Pony relay stations, from the western mountains clear across the Carson Sink to Utah.

"Palefaces make heap wickiups," they told the old chief with a wide sweep of an arm to indicate distance.

Then they saw the first of the Pony riders "go like the wind" across the Piute country. A couple of days later one would gallop through in the other direction.

Old Winnemucca didn't know just what was up, but he figured something was afoot that wouldn't do the Indians any good. So the dirty work was started. Relay stations were burned, attendants killed, horses driven off, lone settlers massacred by roving bands. It was war to drive out the white man.

The Pony Express riders were never more than one jump ahead of an arrow. One rode into a relay station with his back so full of them he looked like a pincushion. Another, coming through Quaking Aspen Bottoms, always a bad spot for an ambush, was shot through the chest. The bullet went clean through him from one side to the other. He gritted his teeth, got a death grip on the saddle horn, and rode on. Half an hour later he galloped up to the next station, and toppled off his horse, dead. But he had the mail.



"Pony Bob" Haslam Whose Famous Ride of 380 Miles Through Territory Swarming With Hostile Indians Still Stands as One of the Outstanding Exploits of the Daring Riders of the Pony Express.

WHILE the Piutes were on the warpath that time "Pony Bob" Haslam made a ride that we talked about around the hitchin' racks for many a year.

His run was between Friday's Station at the foot of the mountains, and Buckland's, a ride of seventy-five miles. From Buckland's east the trail ran through the worst Indian country.

Pony Bob threw the mochila of east-bound mail on his saddle at Friday's Station one day, started his horse with a whooping "Yippy-ee" and soon rode out of sight in a cloud of alkali dust. He knew the dangers, but that didn't bother a fighter like Pony Bob. He had been carrying the mail only two months, but he'd had a brush with the Indians about every trip and had been shot twice, just flesh wounds. One arrow caught him in the mouth and knocked out a lot of teeth, but that hadn't stopped him.

At Reed's Station, fifteen miles from the end of his ride, he was supposed to get a fresh horse for the last spurt. But nobody was there when he rode up. The attendants had left with the horses to join a bunch of whites chasing the Indians.

He gave his pony a breathing spell, then headed on for Buckland's. When he arrived a big argument was going on. The country from there to Smith's Creek, the next run, was full of Piutes. They'd been seen scouting around on both sides of the trail. John Richardson, the rider due to take the mail, said he wouldn't do it.

"Th' job ain't worth losin' my scalp," he was telling Marley, the superintendent for the western division, as Pony Bob swung out of the saddle. "I won't give them savages a chance to peel my hair for you or nobody else."

Marley ranted about it, but Richardson stood pat. He wouldn't go.

Haslam was unsaddling his horse.

"Bob, I hate to ask you," Marley said, "but somebody's got to get this mail through. Will you take Richardson's run?"

With ninety miles of tough riding behind him that day Pony Bob was hoping to get a few hours rest.

"There's fifty dollars in it for you."

"Saddle up a horse. I'll go," Haslam said.

He grabbed a bite to eat and took a look at his guns. The riders through that country were carrying a rifle and a pistol.

Ten minutes after he hit ground he was back in the saddle, pounding east again. There wasn't another station 'til he came to the Carson Sink. That was thirty-five miles away. The only company he could count on for sure over that lonely stretch was his horse—and Indians.

He got through that relay all right and struck out for Sand Springs, a lap of thirty miles more, and about the toughest of the two-thousand-mile route. It wound through an alkali desert and sand hills. There wasn't even a smell of water within miles.

Pony Bob stopped at Sand Springs long enough to change horses. Then he was off again for Cold Springs, another thirty-five miles.

The attendant there had a horse waiting for him. With that fresh horse under him he dug in spurs and headed out for Smith's Creek, thirty miles more. There he turned the mail over to Jay Kelley.

With stops just long enough to gulp a little food and change horses he had ridden 190 miles. He escaped the Indians, but that was just luck as he soon found out.

About nine hours after he slipped out of the saddle at Smith's Creek the west-bound rider rode in. Pony Bob threw the mochila on his waiting horse and started back over the trail he had just traveled.

THE old-timers could smell trouble just like they could smell Indians. Pony Bob smelled it that day before he began easing up his horse at Cold Springs. Something didn't look right. I reckon everything was too quiet and still, like the rest of the desert.

Then he saw the corral was empty.

"Hullo, Williams!" he hollered as his horse trotted up to the station with his neck arched and ears cocked forward. The horse shied away from the station. He knew something was wrong.

Horses've got sense, too. After you spend the biggest part of eighty years a-straddle of one like I have, you get a mighty good opinion of horse sense.

There was no answer from the cabin.

Pony Bob slipped to the ground, dropped his reins and moved toward the door with one hand on his pistol butt. The door was open. Haslam didn't have to go in. Stretched full length on the dirt floor was John Williams, his head caved in as only an Indian can do it.

There was nothing to do but ride on. That couldn't be any worse than this. The horse was tired, but his flying feet soon left the bloody scene behind.

It was just getting dark when Pony Bob headed west for the next relay, Sand Springs. Part

RIDIN' TRAIL BACK to the OLD WILD WEST

With Old Scout Murphy

True Rip-Roaring Tales Told From Memory by One of the Last Survivors of the Trail-Blazing Era, When Bad Men, Worse Indians, Express Riders, Gold-Hunters and Settlers Wrote the History of Our Plains in Blood and Punctuated It With Bullets

Staked Out! Graphic Old Painting by H. F. Farny, Showing What Happened to Early Plainsmen Who Fell Into the Hands of Raiding Redskins. The Hapless Victim Was Lashed Hand and Foot to Stakes and Left to the Mercy of Wolves, Coyotes and Rattlesnakes.

J. J. HILL'S COLLECTION

"'Git Every Hoss in Town!' Old Pancake Ordered When He Heard His Wife Was Gone Again. 'Ride Every Trail an' Search Every Camp. I'll Give a Hundred Dollars to the One That Finds My Missus an' That Lore-Slingin' Laddy-Buck.'

"The Next Morning a Posse Rode In, Marching the Eloping Couple Before Them.

"'Old Pancake's Friends Thought an Example Should Be Made of the Wife-Stealer.

"'We Hang a Man for Stealin' a Hoss. This Is Pretty Nigh as Bad,' They Argued."

of the trail wound through patches of sagebrush. He pulled his rifle out of the saddle scabbard and laid it across the horn. He expected a shower of arrows from every clump he passed.

"Get your horses and follow me to Carson Sink," he yelled as he galloped through Sand Springs. "They jus' killed Williams. They'll get you next."

The attendant took Bob's advice.

At Carson Sink the rider found a bunch of mighty scared men. About a dozen had holed up there to get away from the Piutes.

"Counted mor'n fifty sashayin' through the hills out there," the men told him. "You're ridin' right squar into 'em, Bob, if you're fool enough to go on."

"Get me somethin' to eat an' saddle a fresh horse. If they get me it'll be in th' saddle, not sittin' still." That was Bob's answer.

Half an hour later he rode off in the darkness for Buckland's. There Marley was waiting for him. After hearing Pony Bob's story Marley gave him a hundred dollars for the ride. I always thought it was a cheap price.

And the job wasn't over. Pony Bob still had the ninety miles of his own run ahead of him. He took a fresh pony and went on to Friday's Station, the west end of his route.

When he got there he had been in the saddle for 380 miles with only a little over ten hours out for rest, a riding record that was unbroken in Pony Express annals.

But it was a good thing he didn't stop. The next day a band of Indians swooped down on the station at Smith's Creek. Another pack raided Williams' Station, near Buckland's. They shot one man in the back just as he jumped into the Carson River, trying to escape. Four more were killed and the cabin burned.

PICTORIAL ARCHIVES

Old Print of a Grisly Incident in the Disastrous Battle of Pyramid Lake. Gen. Ormsby Led an Enthusiastic But Haphazard Army of Frontiersmen Into an Indian Ambush. When the Battle Ended 46 Scalped Bodies Lay Along the Trail of the Retreat. Not a Single Indian Died.

Settlers around Honey Lake and along the Truckee River were being slaughtered right and left. At one place the redskins got eight men in one camp. The country was swarming with blood-thirsty bands of them. The whites saw they were going to have a showdown. A few days after Pony Bob made his historic ride it got so bad the Overland had to abandon the Pony Express for a few weeks.

But soon Pony Bob was back in the saddle.

Prospectors looking for a new strike had been digging and panning in every gulch. They'd found gold in a place they called Gold Canyon. It was small stuff compared to the rich gravel along the river bars in California, but a man could pan out five to ten dollars a day. A couple hundred of them were soon working at it.

One of the first camps was called Johntown. There wasn't much to it, about a dozen cabins and tents. Of course one was a saloon. That always was the first place open for business when a new camp came to life. All it took was a keg of whisky and a plank. This one was Dutch Nick's.

It wasn't long before he was carrying the mail on the run between Friday's Station and the new camp on the Comstock Lode, Virginia City.

Virginia City was the place that produced more silver—and hell—than any other mining camp in the country. Yes sir, some great specimens of ore and mankind came out of those diggin's.

There was "Old Virginia," for one. James Fennimore was his right name. He left his home in Virginia and headed for California in the gold rush of '49. He'd been accustomed to taking his liquor straight and steady and didn't change his habits a bit when he landed in the gold camps.

He got into a ruckus. There was a little gunplay. Old Virginia called it "an affair uv honah, suh." Whatever you called it, the other fellow was just as dead as any man can be with daylight showing through him.

Old Virginia wasn't sure the Forty-niners knew all the fine points about an "affair uv honah," so he left while the smoke of his pistol was still curling up through the rafters.

A month or two later he showed up in Nevada. Just to be on the safe side he changed his name to James Finney.

Old Virginia came to Johntown just as soon as the bar opened for business. He was one of Dutch Nick's best customers. That was the gathering place for a bunch of men who soon were to set the country on fire with their great discovery.

Henry Comstock, the man who gave his name to the lode, was one of them. They called him "Old Pancake," because he was so busy prospecting he never took time to make up a batch of bread. He'd just mix up a panful of flour and water, dump it into a skillet and eat it as soon as it got hot.

Pete O'Riley and Pat McLaughlin, who turned out to be the first to uncover the rich vein, were there, too.

Every Saturday the boys would tromp out of the diggin's into Dutch Nick's to whoop it up. I reckon everybody's got a little music in his feet. Anyway the old Westerners all sure liked to dance.

But Johntown was short on women. There were only three in the camp. The miners needed another one to make up a set for a square dance. That was before Old Winnemucca opened war on the whites. He had a daughter Sarah, so the boys used to invite her in on Saturday nights to fill out a set. The "Indian Princess" they called her.

Sarah caught on to the antics of her white sisters in no time. With her beads and ribbons she looked like a counter in a trading post, but she could cut the pigeon wing 'til the floor caved in.

Maybe she didn't understand the words when the caller bawled out the calls:

First couple out to the couple on th' right,
On to th' next an' do it some more,
Make them cowhides smack th' floor.
Back to your places that-away
Grab them ladies and all chaw hay.

Old Virginia was always right in the middle of the swing, tighter'n a tick at round-up time, but never missing a set.

When the miners moved further up the mountainside to Six-Mile Canyon, Dutch Nick loaded up his whisky barrel and plank bar. He was ready for business as soon as the prospectors came in out of the hills.

He was selling a concoction the boys called "tarantula juice." They always said if a snake bit you when you had a skinful of the stuff it made the reptile very sick and sometimes even killed it.

The ground was getting richer all the time. Men now were digging out twenty dollars of gold in a day. Old Pancake and Old Virginia were running all over the place staking out claims.

One day O'Riley and McLaughlin found a streak of decomposed ore near the head of the canyon. They began running the stuff through their rocker. When they cleaned up that night they

(Continued on Page 15)

Win the Loveliness that is Rightfully Yours! go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!

This exciting idea is based on the advice of skin specialists... it has helped thousands of brides!

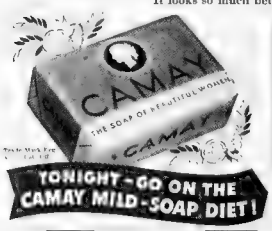
NEW LOVELINESS may await you in the Camay Mild Soap Diet. For you, like so many other women, may be blissfully unaware that you are cleansing your skin improperly. Or that you are using a soap that isn't mild enough.

Everywhere you'll find charming brides like Mrs. Thuston who have trusted the care of their complexions to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. All are visible proof that this thrilling beauty treatment really works for loveliness.

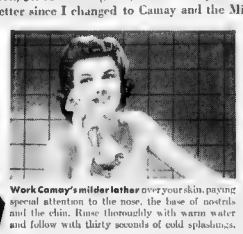
Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is not just *mild*... it's actually milder than the dozens of other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say, "Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet!"

Give your skin a thorough beauty cleansing with gentle Camay night and morning for *one whole month*. With the very first treatment, you'll feel your skin glow with new freshness!

This lovely bride is Mrs. E. C. Thuston, Jr. of Birmingham, Ala., who says: "I'm so proud of my complexion. It looks so much better since I changed to Camay and the Mild-Soap Diet."



TONIGHT—GO ON THE CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to the nose, the base of nostrils and the chin. Rinse thoroughly with warm water and follow with thirty seconds of cold splashings.

Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings in your skin are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning, one more quick session with this milder Camay and your face is ready for make-up.

RIDDLE in RED

(Continued from Page 10)

mean. I wanted to do the very, very worst thing I could think of."

"And your plan?"

Her small, even teeth bit into her lower lip. "Jimmie had... had tried to date Libby up to go dancing with him at some place up the Hudson. We decided that that Libby should accept. She was to get Jimmie to drive her out there in her car; she was to get him really drunk. Heaven knows, that wasn't hard. And then... then, later, Norma and I were to go out in a taxi and... and surprise them together." Her voice lowered to a whisper. "That was to have been the first part of the revenge... to have us find him there with Libby."

She went on quickly: "It worked. It all worked only too well. Libby and Jimmie did go out. And when Norma and I arrived, Libby had gotten him drunk... really so drunk that he could hardly see us. But, as I said, that was only to be the beginning. Norma and I had... had brought more liquor with us. We had bought a bottle of rye and a bottle of Scotch and a bottle of rum and a bottle of gin and we'd mixed them all together. And we'd... we'd written out a placard, a message on a piece of cardboard."

I knew what that message was, of course. I remembered back to the Judge's faltering, heart-broken account of the end of the tragedy. THIS IS THE MODEL SON OF JUDGE SALTER. KINDLY RETURN HIM TO HIS FATHER AT THE NIGHT COURT.

We'd kept the taxi waiting," said Karen. "We bundled Jimmie in and pinned the message on him. We told the taxi driver to take him to his father in New York—back to the Night Court where his father was presiding. Before they drove off we gave the driver the bottle of liquor, the bottle with rye and gin and rum and everything mixed and told him to give Jimmie a drink of it whenever he asked for one. We knew he was too drunk to tell if anything was wrong with the taste."

She looked down at her thin white hands. "You see, that was the worst thing we could think of to do. The Judge absolutely worshiped Jimmie, thought he was the most wonderful boy in the world. We wanted the Judge to see him as he really was. Oh, of course, it was cruel of us—terribly cruel to the Judge. But we didn't think of him. We just thought of Jimmie and how we could pay him out." Once again a little sob was wrenched through her lips. "That's how we did it. The three of us, Libby and Norma and I, we all stood there, watching the taxi drive away. The three of us stood there, watching it go, watching the red light dwindle and then disappear. That was the last we saw of Jimmie... the very last."

Knowing the end of the story, as I did, there was real horror to that bitter tale of the three girls' childishly vindictive revenge which had so terrible an outcome.

"So your plan worked," I said very quietly, "except for one thing. You hadn't thought of the taxi driver... the little man with the beady eyes and the twisted lip. When you gave him that bottle of spiked liquor for Jimmie you didn't realize that he would drink it too; that it would make him blind drunk; that... that the car would crash right outside the courthouse and... and kill Jimmie."

She looked up at me, her lovely face drawn, ghost-ridden. "We never thought of that. Oh, when we drove home that night, we... we were gay about it. We thought we'd been so clever; we thought we paid him back so cleverly." A hand went up shielding her eyes. "And next morning we heard the news, we heard that Jimmie was dead, that the Judge himself had... seen the placard on him, as he lay dead—and that the taxi driver was unconscious in the hospital."

She gave a little shiver. "From then on it was a nightmare. Of course we knew we were responsible. And we... we were sure that when the taxi driver regained consciousness he would tell the whole story." She paused, adding in a small, icy voice. "But it didn't turn out that way, because he'd got concussion, and when he did come round, he'd forgotten everything that had happened before the accident. It was like a miracle. Suddenly we realized we were safe. The taxi driver was the only one who knew and he'd... he'd lost his memory."

ONCE again that little shiver slid through her. "That was our great temptation. Oh, if you knew what we lived through those days. Jimmie's death, it—it all but killed the Judge. He was almost insane with grief. We... we almost plucked up courage to tell the truth and face the music. Then we heard that the taxi driver had lost his memory, that he couldn't incriminate us." She paused. "He was brought to trial for manslaughter and drunken driving. We... we knew that if we came forward and explained about the spiked liquor it would be much easier for him, that perhaps he'd even be let off. But we didn't dare. We were cowards. Although it was really our fault, we let him take the blame. We let them send him to prison."

It had been, then, as I had thought. The whole fantastic sequel to Jimmie's death was clear now. I remembered the little taxi driver as he had been earlier that night in my office... I remembered his little beady eyes aflame with the intensity of his hatred against "Them," the three girls who had gotten him drunk on spiked liquor, who had caused him to kill a passenger and go to prison for manslaughter. Three girls who had not lifted a little finger to help him when the world came crashing around his ears.

"All the time he was in prison was torment for us," Karen said. "I think it was worst for me because I had been the one who planned everything. We knew we'd done... done something criminal. We were frightened of our own shadows. All of us, we were haunted by dreams of that taxi driver and his yellow taxi, haunted by dreams of what would happen when... when he came out of prison."

"And in prison, he did remember," I said softly. "The truth came back to him and he remembered the three red-headed society girls who had let him take their rap, who had ruined his life. He brooded over it in prison until he had only one thought in his mind—revenge. And then, when he was free, released before serving his full term, the revenge started. He had it all planned. He was going to tackle each girl separately. And he started with Libby."

"That's right," she whispered. "He took the taxi up to Bar Harbor. He waited until he got Libby alone on a lonely road then... then he chased her, stopped her and... and put the fear of death in her." I paused and made a stab at guessing the sequel. "He threatened to blackmail her, forced her to meet him later that night... and murdered her."

"Murdered her!" Karen swung round to face me. "Oh, no, that

(Continued on Page 16)

GOT A COLD?

Lost your taste for cigarettes? Cheer up... light up a KOOL. There's mild menthol in 'em to make your mouth feel cooler, leave your throat feeling clearer. KOOLS are now down to popular prices. And the coupon on each pack is good in the U.S.A. for premiums!

SWITCH TO KOOLS

Patriotic Flower Bed

SHOW YOUR Colors! with RED, WHITE and BLUE FLOWERS

Complete Assortment and Planting Instructions ONLY 10¢

We have grouped the Three-Packet Assortment of FLOWER SEEDS pictured in nature's own way so that a burst of the same three flowers will spring up in every bed.

Center of Flower Bed is fiery RED, mild-mannered pure WHITE and outer band is deep BLUE. A startling Novelty!

2-Packet Assortment, one Pkt. of each color, contains enough seed to Plant Flower Bed 2 feet in diameter, only 10c.

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after your irritated skin the Resinol way—

before scratching aggravates it, spreads it, or adds to its disfiguring effect.

Resinol Ointment exerts its might over night, and externally caused skin itches, rashes or pimply spots are soothed amazingly by its effective medication—the Resinol oiliness assuring prolonged beneficial action. Resinol Soap acts gently in cleansing tender skin.

Sample of both mailed on request to Resinol, X-123, Baltimore, Md.

To get relief *without delay*, ask your druggist *today* for

RESINOL OINTMENT AND SOAP

Does Your Cooking Make a Hit?

HAVE you some special way of cooking or baking that makes certain dishes tastier and really delicious? THE AMERICAN WEEKLY will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used in the "Housewife's Food Almanack"—the unusual feature on the second from the last page of this and every issue. Read the easy-to-follow rules on that page!

Dentists Prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other Dentifrice for Personal use!

Is Betty On The Shelf? Life's no fun for a girl without phone calls or dates! But what man will rush a girl whose teeth are dull, whose gums are dingy—whose smile is drab, lackluster, unattractive?

A Timely Hint—Our modern, soft foods, young lady, don't give gums enough work. Teeth seldom sparkle when gums are soft, tender. (*N. B. So many dentists suggest the helpful stimulation of Ipana and Massage*)

It's Romance For The Asking, Now—Life is exciting and thrilling for Betty now. Dates, parties and dances fill her engagement book, and her flashing smile goes straight to every man's heart. No girl could have a luckier talisman to help her win love than a bright and sparkling smile.

Let Ipana and Massage help you to have Firmer Gums—A More Sparkling Smile!

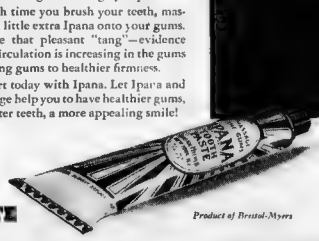
TODAY when you meet so many conflicting claims for different dentifrices—ask yourself this simple question: "What dentifrice do dentists use themselves?"

Here's the answer, as revealed by a survey conducted among thousands of dentists all over America—*Dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.*

Try Ipana Tooth Paste yourself. For Ipana is designed not only to clean the teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to stimulate the gums—to help give them the healthy firmness on which sound teeth and sparkling smiles largely depend.

Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Notice that pleasant "tang"—evidence that circulation is increasing in the gums—aiding gums to healthier firmness.

Start today with Ipana. Let Ipana and massage help you to have healthier gums, brighter teeth, a more appealing smile!



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Dress Well... *Inexpensively!*

MANY women have great success with the patterns that appear in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. These stylish, exclusive patterns are easy to use and give perfect fit—Watch for them! You'll like them, too!

Give Your Lazy Liver This Gentle "Nudge"

Follow Noted Ohio Doctor's Advice To Relieve CONSTIPATION!

If liver bile doesn't flow freely *every day* into your intestines—constipation with its headaches and that "half-alive" feeling often result. So stir up your liver bile secretion and see how much better you should feel! Just try Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets used so successfully for years by Dr. F. M. Edwards for his patients with constipation and sluggish liver bile.

Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only stimulate bile flow to help digest fatty foods but also help elimination. Get a box TODAY. 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggtores.

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RIDIN' TRAIL BACK TO THE OLD WILD WEST

(Continued from Double Page)

and a thousand dollars in gold. They'd hit the main lode.

A little later Old Pancake came along to see how his friends were doing. His eyes popped out when he saw the gold

"Boys, I've taken up a hundred an' sixty acres right around here for a ranch," he said. "An' I own th' water on it, too."

O'Riley and McLaughlin didn't know much about their rights, so they gave Comstock a share in their discovery. Old Virginia sobered up long enough to stake out a claim. Two or three others got in on it.

Well, these fellows didn't have any idea of the huge fortunes that were right under their feet. They were grumbling all the time about that "damn blue stuff that keeps cloggin' up th rocker."

They shoveled it out and threw it away to find the gold at the bottom. The gold was enough

As word got out that the miners were panning out a thousand dollars a day the rush to Washoe started. Men poured over the mountains from California by the hundreds, then by thousands The miners who knew their business couldn't believe their eyes when they saw the diggin's with piles of "that blue stuff" thrown up beside the rockers

"Great gods!" they shouted. "That's silver you're throwin' away! It's worth more'n th' gold!"

And it was. Out of the lode that bore Comstock's name came silver and gold worth $750,000,000.

Old Virginia didn't know he was carousing on top of such a hoard of treasure. The excitement that came with the rush of miners was enough for him He just knew he was in the middle of the biggest scramble for riches since '49.

Old Pancake had called the camp Ophir. The newcomers didn't care what anybody called the place. They just wanted to drive a stake peg.

One night Old Virginia christened it "Virginia City" and the name stuck.

That honor was just about all Old Virginia got. He finally traded his claim that produced millions for an old horse, a pair of blankets, and, oh yes, a bottle of whisky. A year later he tried to ride a bucking mustang while he was drunk. The horse pitched him off on his head and killed him.

His cronies, Old Pancake, O'Riley and McLaughlin, all came to strange ends, too. Other fellows came along and scooped up the fortunes

And if it wasn't that, there was always the danger of Indian raids and death or torture before a feller even made his strike. Death was usually preferable to capture by the redskins because they had their own ideas about how to entertain themselves at the expense of their captives.

One of their little tricks was to build a fire on a man's stomach and sit around watching him writhe. They thought that very funny. Another was to "stake out" a victim. This consisted of spreading him out on the ground and lashing his hands and feet to stakes. Whereupon he was left to die of thirst or exposure, or the tender mercies of wolves, coyotes and rattlesnakes. Even that was better than being turned over to the bloodthirsty squaws for torture.

When the Indians got too persistent a volunteer army of a hundred men or so would hastily be organized to teach them a lesson. It didn't always work out that way though.

When General Ormsby led a hundred men on such an expedition he walked them right into an ambush and the shoe was on the other foot. When the battle was over 46 scalped frontiersmen lay along the trail of the retreat. Not a single Indian had been killed This was the battle of Pyramid Lake, pretty near as bad a slaughter as the Custer massacre on the Little Big Horn a few years later. I'll tell you all about this little-known disaster in another chapter.

IT seemed like there always was a hoodoo following a man who made a rich strike. Like the Virginia City boys and Jim Marshall, who found the first gold at Sutter's Mill, they all got euchred out of their good luck.

"Old Virginia" (James Finney or Frenimore)? Christening the Camp at the Famous Comstock Lode. He Called It "Virginia City," and the Name Stuck.

Old Pancake sold out for around $11,000. That looked like a heap of dough to a prospector who'd been living out of a fryin' pan. I reckon Old Pancake figured a fellow with that much money could afford a little romancing. Maybe he was just looking for a change of cooking and you couldn't blame him for that

Well, he spruced up and got a wife all right, but she was harder to hold onto than his money.

Women folks were about as scarce as a boiled shirt around Virginia City in those early days The hurdy-gurdy gals rolled in as soon as they could get there, but they weren't much interested in matrimony. So, when one of the marryin' kind showed up she generally found a string of prospects talking about gettin' spliced before she got her sunbonnet off.

A Mormon by the name of Carter drove up the mountain trail into Virginia City soon after Old Pancake sold his chance at millions for a measly $11,000 On top of a pile of blankets and pans in a rickety old wagon sat Mrs. Carter.

Like all new arrivals Carter was in bad need of a job.

"I reckon I can git you somethin' to do," Old Pancake said, taking a sly look at the wife "Feller with a fine missus like yours is sure desarvin' o' help Come along with me."

Old Pancake soon had him fixed up with a job at the diggin's, and being what you'd call a gentleman of leisure, began spending that leisure around the Carter camp. Everybody knew he had a pile of money and that must have took in Mrs. Carter.

I don't know where the old coot learned them words but the words he started whispering in Mrs. Carter's ear were sweet enough to draw bees. All that was going on while Carter was off working.

One evening the husband plodded home to catch Old Pancake and Mrs. Carter sitting close together on the wagon tongue. He had one arm around her middle in an awkward sort of way and she was combing the old galoot's long, bushy hair. They both looked up like a couple of whipped pups when they saw Carter I reckon he didn't grade up very high or he'd have plugged Old Pancake right there

The next day Old Pancake and Mrs. Carter disappeared. They headed down-trail into Washoe Valley where they found a preacher Comstock knew.

That night Old Pancake strutted into Carson City and began introducing Mrs. Comstock to all his friends. But Carter was close on their trail. He caught up with the elopers right in the middle of the honeymoon celebration.

"Whadda you mean runnin' off with my wife?" he bellered "Don't matter if you ar' big punkins 'round these parts. I arter blow your brains out, you wife-stealin' old scoundrel!"

"Now take it easy 'fore I git mad at havin' my honeymoon busted up. We're all married, proper an' legal. Take a look at this" Old Pancake held out a paper that was supposed to be a marriage certificate. "But bein' a generous man," he went on, "I'll make a squar' deal with you"

Carter looked over the bunch of Old Pancake's friends who were milling around, throwing a word into the argument now and then. He was pretty badly outnumbered.

"Wal, what's th' proposition?" he said, cooling off a bit.

"Tell you what I'll do, Carter." Old Pancake knew he had the edge now. "This is a mighty fine little woman of yours, an' I don't wanta see you git th' worst of th' bargain. I'll give you a horse to ride, a pistol to carry, an' sixty dollars hard cash for a sort of quit-claim deed to th' missus That's top price!"

It's a go. I'll take it." Carter snapped him up so quick Old Pancake probably kicked himself for throwing in the cash

A few days later he had to make a business trip to San Francisco. He took the stage over the Carson City route to Placerville That was the place the Forty-niners called Hangtown as a sort of reminder of the first hanging in the gold camps. By the time he reached Sacramento a messenger, galloped up on a wind-d horse

"Pancake I got some news I reckon you ain't gonna like to hear," the rider said

"What's up? Somethin' happen to my wife?"

"Yessir, sure has. She's run off with another man."

Old Pancake leaped out of the stage in one jump It seemed that he hadn't been out of sight more than a couple of hours before his wife said "yes" to a young laddy-buck in Carson City. The messenger said they headed west over the trail on foot

Comstock rounded up a handfull of friends and started back for Hangtown The much-mar-

(Continued on Page 17)

HOW TO
FIGHT HEADACHES
3 ways at same time!

Break Headache's Vicious Circle this proved, sensible way

• A headache disturbs your nervous system, with jumpy nerves often goes an upset stomach, in turn affecting the pain in your head—thus making a "vicious circle." Mere analgesic pain relievers may still leave you feeling dull, sickish. Millions break headache's "vicious circle" with Bromo-Seltzer because it acts 3 ways at the same time, helps stop pain, calm nerves, settle stomach Next time, try Bromo-Seltzer."

BROMO-SELTZER

"Just use as directed on red label. If upset persists or recurs, see a doctor

Readers who recognize good things in print cannot help but appreciate The American Weekly.

Why not have corn exactly the way you like it?

YOU CAN! DEL MONTE PACKS FOUR STYLES —PICK YOUR FAVORITE!

Maybe you think Del Monte Whole Kernel has 'em all beat! Lots of folks do. Those plump golden grains sautéed in butter. My! Aren't they fine?

But wait—whatever you do, don't miss out on Del Monte Cream Style. Two kinds—White and Golden.

And sometime soon—let your menfolks be boys again! Turn 'em loose on still another kind of mighty sweet eating—Del Monte Golden Corn on the Cob.

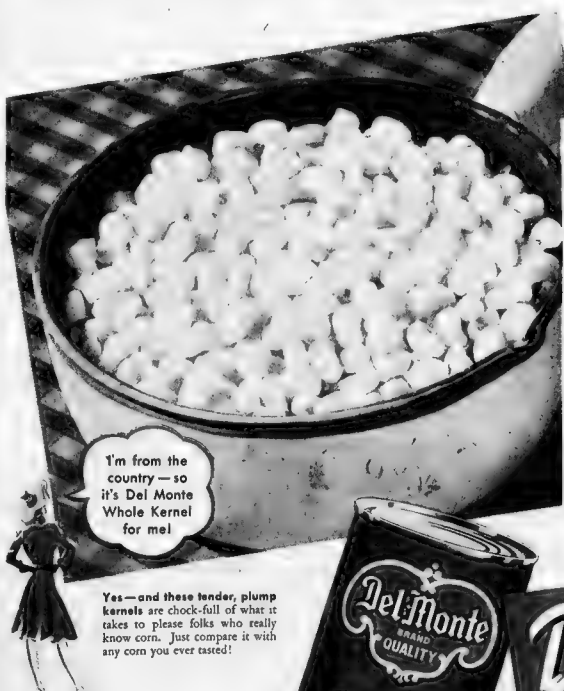
That's the Del Monte idea—corn just the way you like it—all the ways you like it.

Try them—every one! See if it doesn't take all four styles to keep every corn appetite at your house *completely* happy!

• • • • •

Say Del Monte—and be sure of these health essentials. Canned corn is a nourishing, high carbohydrate food. Yellow varieties are a good source of Vitamin A and both white and yellow varieties contain Vitamin C and furnish significant quantities of phosphorus to the diet.

Sure—and you can't beat it for cornpatch sweetness, either! Serve a big dishful tonight—hot and buttery. You'll see! And don't forget Del Monte's real corn goodness is simply the making of corn soup, chowder or casseroles.



Who wouldn't go for this rich, White Cream Style Corn? And talk about scrumptious flavor—Del Monte's fifty years' experience makes sure of that!

Yes—and these tender, plump kernels are chock-full of what it takes to please folks who really know corn. Just compare it with any corn you ever tasted!

Del Monte Corn

CORN AT ITS BEST—ANY STYLE YOU WANT

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5-way aid to lovelier nails

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NAME
STREET
CITY STATE

(Continued from Page 14)

RIDDLE in RED

isn't true. He didn't murder Libby."

It was my turn to stare now.

Libby killed herself," Karen's lips were very pale. "I was in Bar Harbor then, too, you know. She wrote me a little note I never showed it to anyone, but it explained everything. Libby was...well, in a way, she was the weakest of us. She was just a kid, she couldn't stand much. The taxi driver did stop her, as he told her that the three of us had ruined his life and that he was going to make us build it up again. He asked for money. All she had was a thousand dollars in the bank. She told him so. He made her promise to bring it to him...all of it. Otherwise he would tell the police, tell her mother, everybody, what she'd done."

She paused. "She went back home. She even wrote the check. But she knew her mother would have to find out that she'd withdrawn the money; she would have to be given some explanation. She was in a situation that was too strong for her. She was a scary kid anyway and the many months of brooding about what that we'd done hadn't left her much courage.

"She was sure that she would be sent to prison if the truth came out; and she was sure the truth would come out whether she drove out the thousand dollars or if she didn't. She...she couldn't take it, poor kid. She scribbled me a little note. Then she went to the cliffs and threw herself off the rocks." She paused. "At least she had the courage to do that."

So that was the pathetic saga of Libby Brompton.

"I knew," said Karen jerkily, but when...when the verdict by the jury was death by misadventure, I...I never told anyone. I didn't even tell Norma. You see, she and I had made a pact never, never to talk about the thing that happened; that was our way of trying to banish it from our minds. I should have told her because I didn't know then that Libby had written her and warned her that the taxi driver was free. But I...I still had the crazy idea that somehow he wouldn't dare go after Norma and me when his...his attempt on Libby had ended so terribly."

"And you were wrong," I said.

"That taxi driver didn't forget. He waited four months, until Libby's death was forgotten and then he came here to Kenmore."

"Yes, yes." Karen's fingers twined and untwined fiercely. "And it...it was Norma he was after then. Poor Normie, if only she'd told me! But she didn't any more than I'd told her about Libby. She...she tried to handle it alone."

"And, after all that time the taxi driver's hatred had grown more intense," I said.

"Libby's suicide must have given him a kind of blood lust. For this time he didn't try any blackmail; he was just out for murder. He stretched that wire across your drive and...and worked out his plan for killing Norma."

"I...I suppose so." Karen got up and stood very stiffly in front of me. "You see, I don't know, Doctor Westlake. Until yesterday morning when you told me the yellow taxi had chased Norma, I...I didn't even know he was here. I thought her death was an accident just the way everyone else did. I never dreamed..."

"And then, last night, it was your turn."

Karen moved away, staring out of the uncurtained window at the velvet blackness of the night. "I lied last night about what happened to me—just the way I'd lied all the time before then. You see I couldn't tell you or anyone the truth because I was still a criminal, still the person responsible for Jimmie's death. I still am, now."

"You mustn't take it so hard," I said gently. "After all, you never meant Jimmie to die; you know that. You were only paying him back one mean trick for another. You mustn't feel responsible for his death."

"But I am responsible. And for Libby's death and Norma's." She swung round. The naked suffering on her face hurt me. If anyone had paid dearly for a foolish act of spite, it was Karen Hale. "It's no use trying to be nice, Doctor Westlake. I know I'm responsible and I shall know it to my dying day."

"Tell me about last night, Karen. I know most of it. The taxi driver came there with a note for you didn't he." He gave it to your step-father and pretended it was a note from me. Rowley gave it to you and it was a summons for you to go at once to the sap-house."

"We Bundled Jimmie in and Told the Taxi Driver to Take Him to His Father," Said Karen, Describing to Dr. Westlake How the Plan Engineered by Herself, Norma and Libby to Expose Jimmie's Double-Dealing Ended in His Tragic Death.

Karen nodded slowly. "I knew at once who it was from, of course. I'd half expected it. I suppose I was crazy to go. But then I was almost out of my mind with fright by then. And...and I knew that if he wanted to, he could still tell the truth about me. I had the insane idea that somehow I could square him, somehow pay him or plead with him and have him go away forever."

"You were taking a big risk. You ran straight into a trap. Last night you pretended you just fell into the quarry. That wasn't true, of course. The taxi driver was waiting for you there, wasn't he? He'd thought out the whole thing. He just waited there in the dark—and pushed you off into the quarry."

"I suppose so. Yes, of course it must have happened that way." Karen ran a hand through her gleaming red hair. She looked very tired. "You see, I never really knew what happened. It was dark. I...I was frightened. My one idea was to get to the sap-house. And then, suddenly, just as I reached the brink of the quarry, I felt someone spring out of the darkness and push me. I just felt it. I didn't see anything. I just felt myself falling down...down..." Her lips were trembling. "If you hadn't come I would have died. I would have died there of exposure. In a way, it would have been better. I don't deserve to live, do I? It's because of me that Jimmie died and Libby and Norma."

A SOB wracked her whole body. She leaned forward, burying her face in her hands. Her courage was gone and she gave herself up to a storm of weeping. I could tell what a hell on earth her life must have been with all those ghastly things pent up inside her. I went to her, put my hand on her shoulder, tried to comfort her. Her hand slipped up to mine. And slowly she raised her head. Her eyes were shining with tears.

"I've always been a jinx," she faltered. "I've always been a jinx to my friends. There's Oliver, too. I made such a tragic mess with Oliver. I'd loved him quite a while but I made myself swear I'd never let him know it. After what I'd done to Jimmie, I knew I had no right to—to love and happiness. I even refused him when he asked me to marry him. Oh, I was so noble! And then, later, after he was engaged to Norma, I wasn't strong enough. I forgot all about nobility and I stole him back from Normie. I did that to Normie—too."

As I looked into her tear-stained face, I saw just how deeply that guilt sense had gnawed its way into her being. Poor Karen, she had been given such a very raw deal by Fate and she had built herself up in her own mind as a female Satan.

"You mustn't blame yourself," I said. "It wasn't your fault any of it. You must believe me. And listen—the mystery of your sister's death is solved now. It's got to be. It's clear as daylight. Soon Inspector Cobb's men will catch the taxi driver. All you have to do is to tell Cobb what you've told me and there'll be enough evidence to hang the taxi driver fifty times over. After that, Cobb'll keep things as quiet as possible. I swear he will. Maybe no one—not even the family—need ever know the truth about Jimmie."

She stared at me as if she couldn't believe that, as if it was just some crazy thing I said to try to comfort her.

"You...you really think that?"

"Of course I do."

"I'll have to tell Oliver." Her lips tightened into a determined line. "Oliver loves me now. He wants to marry me. It's only fair he should know the truth and have a chance to get out of it if he wants to."

"That's entirely up to you," I said. "Personally I don't think it'll make any difference at all in the way he feels about you."

She got up, coming to me, holding out her hand. In spite of the tears still shining in her eyes, her face was transfigured. The strained, tormented expression was gone and she seemed almost at peace with herself.

"Thank you, Doctor Westlake. I didn't know anyone could be so kind."

"Oh, I'm not kind," I said, smiling at her. "I'm just a guy with a job of work to do. I had to find out who killed your sister and it looks as though my job's through. All we have to do now is to find that taxi driver."

I said that. And I believed it sucker that I was!

XX

AS I left Karen in the little study, Oliver Church, who must have been hovering outside during our talk, strode arrogantly past me into the room, shutting the door behind him. I wondered whether Karen would choose this moment to tell Oliver the thing which she felt she had to tell. It would take a lot of courage to confess that whole tragic story to the man she loved but Karen, I believed, had more than her share of courage.

After that long and emotional interview I felt a mixture of moods. I was exhilarated that, thanks largely to the lead given me by the Salters, I seemed to have come upon the complete solution of Norma's murder and all its surrounding mysteries. But, my self-satisfaction was marred by the realization that through my clumsiness the murdering taxi driver had once again eluded capture.

I prayed that word would soon come from Cobb that the arrest had finally been made. Until that moment, even if there was no more mystery, there was still danger for Karen for everyone. With the entire countryside on his trail, Albert Williams must be desperate enough now to do anything.

I paused in the hall. For a house full of people, Fallowfield was almost eerily still. Vaguely in the distance, I heard the hoot of a train whistle, a dim report as of a car backfiring and the faint drone of an automobile on the road below. They seemed the only sounds in the world. The silence put me on edge.

I stepped into the living room hoping to find some signs of human activity. But the living room was even more hushed. Persis Rowley was there alone, arranging shiny silver and gold balls on a large Christmas tree which had been set up in the corner. Until that moment I had all but forgotten that tomorrow was Christmas eve.

Persis turned to me, her lovely, smooth-skinned face as tranquil as the season. "Oh, it's you, Doctor Westlake. Just the person I want. You can put these balls on way up at the top. I'm not tall enough."

She held out the little gleaming spheres and then, as if she guessed that I found her Christmas serenity rather hard to take under the circumstances, she explained: "We decided to have a tree after all. It was Martha Hale's idea. And I think she's right. Poor Norma wouldn't want us to give up Christmas."

Before I knew what I was doing, I was standing on a chair, twisting the balls onto the fragrant spruce branches under the artistic supervision of Mrs. Rowley. Even more surprisingly, I felt the insidious Christmas mood infect me, too. I started remembering that I still had not purchased Dawn's ship-in-bottle.

"You spoke to Oliver and Karen, didn't you, Doctor?" They told me so. Poor dears, they really are in love. I hope everything will turn out all right."

Persis made that single remark about the turbulent emotional life of her family while I lodged a large silver star on the highest peak of the tree. Otherwise she did nothing but chat amiably about the Christmas decorations.

She was praising my handi-

(Continued on Page 19)

TAKE IT FROM ME—
WALDORF'S NEW "Luxury Texture" is Wonderful!

In fact, our gang insists on it. That new "Luxury Texture" makes Waldorf softer than ever, but it's strong, too—safe, long-lasting and economical. Right for us babies—grand for the family!

NEW LUXURY TEXTURE for GENTLE CLEANSING

FEEL A COLD COMING ON?

GARGLE LISTERINE-Quick!

In tests made during 10 years Listerine users had fewer colds and milder colds than non-users.

At a cold's first sniffle, sneeze or ache, start gargling with Listerine Antiseptic.

Often this prompt precaution may help old Mother Nature to ward off a cold before it gets serious or relieve the sore throat that so frequently accompanies it.

Kills Surface Throat "Bugs"

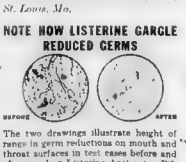
The moment you gargle Listerine it begins to kill millions of germs, so-called "secondary invaders," on mouth and throat surfaces . . . the very types that so many authorities claim are the ones that may make a cold troublesome, produce those mean symptoms.

Listerine's fast germ-killing action on tissue surfaces explains, we believe, its marvelous 10-year test record against colds.

Just think! In tests made during these 10 years Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, milder colds and colds of shorter duration than non-users.

So, remember—at the first sign of trouble Listerine—quick and often! Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

NOTE HOW LISTERINE GARGLE REDUCED GERMS



The two drawings illustrate height of range in germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces in test cases before and after gargling Listerine Antiseptic. Fifteen minutes after gargling, germ reductions up to 96.7% were noted; and even one hour after, germs were still reduced as much as 80%.

IN THE informative, scientific articles published in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY, readers find startling facts that, at first glance, seem incredible! But all are authoritative and accurate because every picture, every statement in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is drawn from unimpeachable sources, carefully authenticated, checked and double-checked.

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Plagued by Aching

COLD WEATHER JOINTS?

Here's *Speedy* Relief!

Don't let bitter winter weather make you suffer the agony of stiff, grinding "cold-weather joints"! Absorbine Jr. soothes and eases that soreness away—helps nature relieve that excruciating pain promptly!

Under normal conditions, lubricating fluid is fed into the joints by tiny blood vessels. But these vessels constrict in extreme cold and the supply of fluid slacks off. Your joints stiffen and hurt!

Rub those joints with Absorbine Jr. It speeds the flow of blood which increases the supply of lubricating fluids. Soon your joints are glowing with relief! Don't dread winter! Keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all druggists. $1.25 a bottle.

Free sample—write W. F. Young, Inc., 397-B Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

FAMOUS also for relieving Athlete's Foot, Swollen, Bruised

ABSORBINE JR.

Not everyone does as well as Charles—for he

Newly invented machine washes walls 6 times faster than by hand

Chas. Sirelle took in $217 first 10 days. We want more men to go into business for themselves. Clients everywhere. Homes, schools, offices, stores, churches, lodges, hotels, all have walls that need washing. Dozens of men have written of huge earnings for specific periods in their business. You don't do this every day or every month, and also it's all amount for materials, but you can see how easy it is to get into this wonderful business.

Harold Jones writes "I landed a $40 job the first day"
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EASY PAYMENTS
It takes only a small amount to get started in this money-making business. No experience necessary.

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Chases it away the medicated way

Always bathe with fragrant, thoroughly cleansing Cuticura Soap. Continue gentle medicated ingredients. Then dust on fragrant, antiseptic Cuticura Talcum for refreshing comfort and protection. The world knows Cuticura. At your druggist's

CUTICURA SOAP and TALCUM

MORE scriptural articles appear in a year in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY than in all other non-sectarian magazines combined.

(Continued from Page 15)

ried wife and her latest catch had to come that way to get out of the mountains.

In a couple days they trudged in Old Pancake and his posse nabbed them. Comstock took his flighty wife to an inn to talk things over. After a talk of an hour or two Old Pancake came out.

"Yep, it's all fixed up again boys," he announced, puffing out his chest. "Th' lady sees she's made a big mistake. I had a roughly plain talk with her. She's sorry. It won't happen again. Reckon that calls for a nip."

They all lined up at the bar to drink congratulations over again.

"Say, I'll get th' missus. Some o' you fellers haven't met her. Best little woman west o' th' Rockies."

Old Pancake swiped a sleeve across his whiskers and walked back to the inn. He ran out much faster than he went it.

"Jumpin' Jehosaphat!" he yelled. "She's gone again!"

Sure enough, the "little woman" had jumped right out an open window. The minute her husband left her and was gone. So was the young fellow who came over the mountain with her.

"Better find her pronto, Pancake, or she'll show up with a whole passel o' husbands," an old miner chuckled.

"Git every hoss in town!" Old Pancake ordered. "Ride every trail an' search every camp. I'll give a hundred dollars to th' one that finds 'em."

The man-hunters started beating the brush. The next morning one of them walked into Placerville, marching the runaway couple in front of his cocked pistol.

Old Pancake must have loved the woman. He took her to his arms again, but this time he got a room that had locked windows.

His posse took charge of the young wife-stealer, put him in a cabin and placed a guard over him. Old Pancake's friends thought an example should be made of the culprit.

"We hang a man for stealin' a hoss. This is pretty nigh as bad," they argued.

"No, it ain't that bad," others said, "but he arter have a good lesson."

While they were trying to get together on the penalty the guard told the prisoner what was up.

"They're gonna be ringin' that Hangtown bell pretty soon to notify th' community a man's been hung," the guard told him. "It's sure too bad yuh won't be a-hearin' it."

The young fellow began shaking like quakin' aspen, begging for mercy.

"'Tain't my party," the guard said, "an' I'm getting mighty thirsty. I'm gonna amble over to th' saloon. If you're here when I git back yuh arter hang."

The guard walked away. The prisoner soon was making tracks for tall timber. That was the last ever seen of him.

By holding a tight rein on his wife Old Pancake managed to keep her in the corral for a few months, but he was afraid to let her out of his sight. She watched her chance, slipped out one day and took up with the first miner that came along.

Well, that cured him of matrimony. He put what was left of his money into a store at Carson City, but soon went broke. He had too many friends. He'd let them buy anything in the store at their own price—and charge it.

So it wasn't long before he was scrambling out through the hills again, frying his pancakes and looking for another Comstock Lode. His travels took him up through Idaho and into Montana, following, miner-like, every rumor of a new strike.

I heard the story of his finish when I struck the Big Horn country. He was wandering back from his last prospecting expedition, empty-handed. Near Bozeman City he put his six-shooter to his head and pulled the trigger.

THE other two discoverers of Comstock didn't do any better. McLaughlin sold his share for $3,000 and spent his last days in poverty, working as a cook in a mining camp.

Pete O'Riley held on longer than the others. He got something over $10,000 for his claim. But Virginia City was chockful of gamblers and speculators. Every tin-horn in camp staked out mines all over the mountains, then began bragging how rich they were. Everybody was selling and buying claims or mining stock.

O'Riley tried it. Everybody told him what a smart man he was 'til they cleaned him. Then they laughed at him for being a fool. He wound up with his pick and pan—and nothing else.

I reckon the quick change from poverty to riches and back to poverty again did something to his mind. It was a lot weaker than his back anyway. He began seeing ghosts, like a lot of fellers did in those mad days.

The spirits began buzzing in O'Riley's head about the great deposits of gold that were still undiscovered in lofty mountains.

Finally the spirits told him the place to start digging. They picked the worst possible spot

In Early Gold Rush Days There Were No Women But the Longing for Dances Existed Just the Same. So the Prospectors Chose Partners Among Themselves and Danced, as Shown in This Old Print From the New York Public Library.

Ridin' Trail Back to the Old Wild West

[illegible] he got his [illegible] began weeping.

O'Riley [illegible] Two or three times [illegible] near trapped him. He [illegible] such a rush he [illegible] tunnel right.

For years [illegible] left at it. Finally [illegible] sorry for them, I [illegible] supplies with [illegible] He wouldn't give up.

[illegible] close to [illegible] disaster. They [illegible] every seam of the rock. I began [illegible] get a [illegible] of gold."

Every [illegible] ing himself [illegible] his money.

"Mates!" he [illegible] that [illegible] look in his eyes. The spirits [illegible] to [illegible] them. They [illegible] big cavern. [illegible] with pure silver. His [illegible] would shine and his [illegible] frame would shake as he talked. "An' they say th[illegible] ceiling at least [illegible]"

One day some [illegible] to leave food. O'Riley wasn't [illegible]

The gold fever affected people in some mighty strange ways in those hell roarin' days around Virginia City. Next week I want to tell you about Filley Orrum, the Queen of the Comstock, whose famous "peepstone" showed her the way to a fortune; about how it was "a man for breakfast" for some of the great old gun-fighters; and how all the scalpin' wasn't done by Indians when the "Washoe Rush" was on.

(To Be Continued Next Week)

TEA PEPS YOU UP!

COSTS LESS THAN ½¢ A CUP

ENJOY FLAVOR THRILLS—CHASE WINTER CHILLS!

RICH, delicious, stimulating Tea—winter's own flavorful drink to brighten your life—pep you up! Millions of people look to hot, steaming Tea for rich, satisfying taste—and for helping to keep up pep through the shivery months. Enjoy Tea often through the day—especially on cold, raw winter days. Each day have Tea with luncheon to guard against afternoon let-down. Tea is the family drink—everyone loves it. Remember, Tea lets you sleep, and it's non-fattening. Oh, and best of all—Tea is one drink you can afford to serve often—even the finest Tea. Be sure to ask for the good black stimulating Tea your grocer features!

Recipe for Chilly Day Cheer:

HOT SOUP, CRISP CRACKERS, AND STEAMING, PEP-BOOSTING TEA

So quick and easy to serve. A lip-smacking, few-cents-a-serving menu—rich-bodied, delicious vegetable soup, flaky crackers, and the flavor thrill of energizing, chill-chasing Tea.

THESE GOOD BLACK TEAS ARE ESPECIALLY SUITED TO THE AMERICAN TASTE FOR ECONOMY AND FULL ENJOYMENT. BUY QUALITY TEA.

GOOD TEA COMES FROM

WHAT THE WAR IS DOING TO HAIR-DO'S

Switch to Halo Shampoo and Reveal Your Hair's True, Lustrous Color!

Too bad that old-fashioned soapy shampoo is making your hair dull! It's because they leave a dull, filmy residue!

Halo leaves no problem behind. Its rich, sudsy lather rinses away completely! Hair takes a billowy lather in hardest water, with a new ease! Leaves it naturally lustrous!

A THRILL for you when you see how Halo brings out the full, natural beauty of your hair! Makes it look softer, silkier, more manageable! Leaves it so easy to arrange! Gives it that "well-groomed" look!

Switch to Halo Shampoo today! Get a bottle at your drug or department store. Only 10¢ and 25¢ (plus tax).

REVEALS THE BEAUTY HIDING IN YOUR HAIR

The American Weekly is the nation's reading habit.

If the maids and matrons who go to the beauty parlor to get their heads coiffured look like Topsy from now on, the blame for their rather odd appearance can be laid to the war and to the urgent necessity to save metal for planes, tanks, guns and munitions.

It may not seem to the average citizen that the little hairpin has to go in order for this country to give the Axis what it is asking for. But the men whose job it is to keep track of such details say that the tons and tons of steel now used to make the nation's women folks neater around the ears can fill a great need in our munitions plants.

As the months go on, hairpins, and a hundred other fancy gadgets fashioned of metal, will disappear from the counters of stores. The paper clip and the common pin probably will be replaced by substitutes made of some other material, possibly one of the long list of plastics which have been developed in this country during the past few years.

The beauty shop operators have no complaint to make against this restriction on their business. They, like every other American citizen, appreciate that an all-out war effort means changes and sacrifices for everybody and that the elimination of the hairpin for a year or two is a small price to pay in the vast program to step up America's military striking power.

Some beauticians, as one of the photographs on this page shows, are experimenting with common cotton string as well as with rags in the business of doing hair-do's.

Another Substitute for Hairpins Is Common Cotton String Which Can Do the Job of Holding the Curls in Place Almost as Well as the Familiar Metal Contraption. The String Is Sewn Through the Hair With a Big Needle.

Pictorial Feature Service

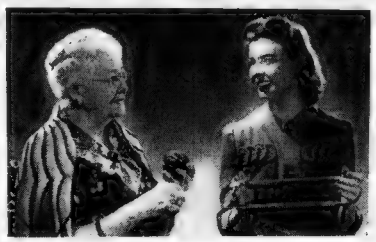
Because Uncle Sam Needs the Metal in Hairpins for War Purposes, Fewer of These Gadgets Are Going to Be Available for Beauty Parlors. In the Photograph at the Left Strips of Cloth Have Replaced the Hairpins.

Your Hidden Beauty
revealed by using
Mercolized Wax Cream

A simple way to remove the dull, drabness of your complexion and reveal the lighter, lovelier skin beneath. Just use Mercolized Wax Cream as directed. Its active ingredients help to clear off the dry, lifeless surface skin in minutes, almost invisible particles, revealing a fairer, fresher, smoother complexion underneath. Remember, these results are dependable. Mercolized Wax Cream has been used by thousands for over 30 years. Just wash your face with it before bed and one daily morning at most.

Tokalon Beauty Mask. Try this exciting, refreshing facial. We believe you'll

GRANDMOTHER OF 70 ACTIVE IN LOCAL RED CROSS WORK



OLDER men and women are playing an important part in American life today. But even those with no time for outside activities can serve America by keeping fit. For people who begin to slow down or tire easily—when due to a lack of *Vitamins A and D—many doctors recommend taking Scott's Emulsion regularly. In such cases, Scott's also helps build up resistance against colds. This pleasant-tasting, economical tonic is rich in vital elements* everyone needs. Quick, easy even for delicate systems to digest. Buy today at your druggist! Accept no substitutes.

SCOTT'S EMULSION ★★★
A Great Year-Round Tonic *For All Ages*
HELP MAKE AMERICA STRONG

IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Treating Homesickness As a Disease

HOMESICKNESS and lovesickness are diseases — catchable and curable. That's the verdict of Dr. Willis H. McCann after a thorough scientific probe into the symptoms of nostalgia.

You can be smitten with the twin-diseases suddenly or gradually, and you can suffer with one or the other, or both for years before a cure can be effected.

Dr. McCann, a member of the State Hospital staff at St. Joseph, Missouri, drew his conclusion after studying 100 college students, 50 boys and 50 girls.

Among other things he discovered that your degree of intelligence has no bearing on the extent of your homesickness or lovesickness.

You can fall victim whether you are an adult or a youngster. Girls were found to be no more subject to homesickness or lovesickness than boys.

The symptoms of homesickness and lovesickness were found to be very similar. The basic difference was that instead of pining for one's home, one longed for a certain individual.

In selecting his 100 students, Dr. McCann only took those who confessed that they were homesick, and nursing a strong desire to return to their families.

Then he proceeded to quiz them on how they knew they were homesick — and subjected them to a stiff grilling on their mental and physical reactions during an attack of nostalgia.

The majority reported that they had been blue, emotionally upset, grouchy, dull, listless, jumpy, and exceedingly irritable.

The students reported that being homesick is usually accompanied by unpleasant sensations in the body, mainly the stomach and throat, and by despondency.

Homesickness, Dr. McCann found, can occur gradually or suddenly, that it can last a few minutes, or a week, or a month, or in some cases indefinitely.

It is a fallacy to think that women get more homesick than men. The only difference was in the way they displayed their homesickness, women being more given to crying.

Although it was found that both the young and old can fall victim to homesickness, adolescence seemed to be the period when it was most prevalent.

Dr. McCann's 100 students reported that they felt homesickness for the first time at the age of three and as late as 21, with an average between 17 and 18.

The prevalence of homesickness among adolescents was attributed to the fact that this was the most common "breaking away from home" period.

The best prescription for curing homesickness, Dr. McCann concluded, is to return home, although it was admitted that often this is impossible.

Hardest sufferers are exiles, prisoners, soldiers, or sailors, who cannot possibly return home under any circumstance.

For those who cannot go home, the best cure is to find diversion in work, play, social activities, friendships, excitement, entertainment, or sleep.

Which one of these cures will be most successful depends on the individual and how he is affected.

A lot can be done, Dr. McCann said, during childhood to prevent homesickness in later years, or to build up a stronger resistance to the disease.

Children should be allowed to make frequent visits away from home and everything should be done to prevent the child from having too strong an emotional attachment to the home.

If children are taught good manners, self-reliance, self-sufficiency, friendliness, responsibility, and independence, they are less likely to be homesick.

BLACKHEADS, BIG PORES
show up quickly in these
"Danger Zones" of your skin!

Read how my 4-Purpose Face Cream keeps your skin crystal-clean and fresh—guarding against these skin troubles

NOW I need to tell you that [illegible] "danger zones" of the skin [illegible]. Your own mirror has warned you many times.

You know, for example, that the curve next to your nose—the tiny valleys of your chin—are two zones that must be watched. For that's where skin troubles are likely to get their start, and make swift headway.

In the curve beside your nose, pores often become bigger and bigger until they look conspicuous and coarse. Around your mouth and chin, dirt and grease tend to accumulate and harden to blackheads.

But there's little likelihood of such skin troubles for you, if you use Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream! For it guards these two [illegible] guards *all* the danger [illegible] your skin!

My cream is complete in itself—[illegible] help of other creams or lotions. It keeps your skin looking its youngest, freshest and loveliest.

Each time you apply Lady Esther Face Cream it does these 4 vital things: (1) It thoroughly *cleanses* your skin. (2) It *softens* your skin. (3) It helps nature *refine* the pores. (4) It *smooths* your skin, prepares it for powder and make-up.

Yes, my one face cream does all these four essential things for the beauty of your skin. Try it—it's the *only* cream you need!

Send for Generous Tube

Mail the coupon below for a generous tube of Lady Esther Face Cream! Try it as a flattering powder foundation in the morning—as a cleansing and softening cream at night. See in your own mirror why more and more lovely women every day are turning to Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream!

Lady Esther
4-PURPOSE FACE CREAM

LADY ESTHER, (899)
7154 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.
Send me a generous tube of 4-Purpose Face Cream; also 9 shades of face powder. I enclose 10c to cover the cost of packing and mailing.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
(If you live in Canada write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

Why Indian Fortunes Are A Legal Problem

OKLAHOMA judges, seeking to find the rightful heirs to millions of dollars in Indian oil property, have tackled one of the biggest legal headaches in the history of the law. Finding the heirs of the Osage Indians, many of whom were believers in multiple marriages - calls for nothing short of the wisdom of Solomon.

The hundreds of cases that now clutter the dockets of Osage County's court are further complicated by the Indians' peculiar way of referring to their relatives. The Osage call their grandmothers' sisters "grandmother," and brothers-in-law "brother."

In a recent $100,000 estate case, evidence was introduced to show that a middle-aged widow and her young daughter both married an old Indian man at the same time. The widow also had a young son, who, according to the records, became the step-son of the old Indian and at the same time his brother-in-law. Both women bore children, whose relationship to each other could be interpreted as half-sisters and half-brothers, or as uncles and aunts and nieces and nephews.

In another case, an Indian married four sisters at the same time. All of them bore children. The children were listed in the records of the Osage Indian Agency as brothers and sisters, but the records did not show which mother bore which child. The father died and each of the sisters married, bearing children by their second husbands.

The Osages do not recognize relationships any farther removed than first cousin and the Osage word for cousin so closely resembles their word for brother that confusing evidence is often presented. Attorneys for the litigants usually insist upon two interpreters, but they invariably never agree on the English translation of the testimony.

Save Your Precious Teeth From This Injury

Change at once to Liquid Dentifrice —it cleans teeth without abrasives

MILLIONS ARE SLOWLY CUTTING CAVITIES INTO THE EXPOSED, SOFTER PARTS OF THEIR TEETH

Scientific research has proved that this damage is caused by regular brushing with dentifrices containing abrasives. Clinical studies* show that 8 out of 10 adults examined risk this injury because the softer part of one or more teeth is left exposed (usually due to shrinking gums) with no hard enamel to protect it. You can avoid this trouble by changing to Teel Liquid Dentrifrice, because it contains absolutely no abrasives.

*As published in a leading scientific journal

It's a Scientific Fact: Abrasives contained in dentifrices are causing millions of people to slowly injure their teeth.

These abrasives consist of tiny particles, so small you can't see or feel them—yet so hard that water will not dissolve them.

As you brush these abrasive particles back and forth, they gradually wear away the softer part of your teeth wherever this part is exposed.

You can save your teeth from this appalling injury simply by changing to the revolutionary new dentifrice for brushing teeth—Teel.

Not a paste—not a powder—Teel is a ruby-clear LIQUID containing absolutely no abrasives. Thus, it cannot injure even the softer part of your teeth.

How Teel Reveals Beauty of Teeth

Teel uses a new-type, patented cleansing discovery that bursts into thousands of tiny, cleansing bubbles in the mouth which instantly go to work to help remove the daily accumulation of decaying food particles and dulling surface film. Thus your teeth look so much whiter, more thrillingly beautiful.

Also, Teel's amazing action gives your whole mouth a glorious beauty bath—a refreshing clean "feel". It helps sweeten bad breath. A few drops of Teel in ½ glass of water is delightful as a mouth wash. And Teel's grand taste makes a hit with children.

Start This Safe Liquid Way Today

Teel is easy to use and so economical. Get a bottle today at any drug, department or 10¢ store and follow this safe, new-day way in tooth cleansing. If you feel that your teeth need an occasional abrasive scouring, follow special directions on the Teel carton. And visit your dentist regularly for his professional care. Procter & Gamble.

CHANGE TO **Teel** LIQUID DENTIFRICE
Use Instead of Tooth Pastes and Powders

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You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY

Eyes tired? Do they smart and burn from overwork, sun, dust, wind, lack of sleep? Then cleanse and soothe them the quick, easy way — use Murine.

WHAT IS MURINE? Murine is a scientific blend of seven ingredients — safe, gentle, and oh, so soothing! Just use two drops as directed. *Right as rain!* Murine goes to work to *relieve* the discomfort of *tired, burning* eyes. Start using Murine today.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

YOUR DAUGHTER HAS A RIGHT TO KNOW

It is every mother's duty to tell her daughter physical facts. How much better that she learn them from you, rather than from girls her own age. In feminine hygiene, facts may be distorted, or wholly untrue. As a result, many brides use over-strong solutions of acids for the douche which can actually burn, scar and even de-crystalize delicate tissue.

Today such risks are needless. Science has given womankind a safe—yet amazingly powerful—liquid for the douche, Zonite. So powerful is Zonite, it kills instantly all germs and bacteria with which it comes in contact. Deodorizes—by actually destroying odors, leaving no telltale odor of its own. Protects personal daintiness. Yet Zonite is non-caustic, non-poisonous, safe for delicate tissues. Over 20,000,000 bottles already bought. For modern hygienic protection you may never have known before, get Zonite at your druggist today.

Free Book Tells Intimate Facts

Get frankly written booklet "Feminine Hygiene Today" mailed FREE, in plain wrapper. Write Zonite, Dept. 6018, 370 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Don't suffer with that HEADACHE Relieve it with "BC"

One of the fastest selling remedies of its type in America

"BC"

Headaches, neuralgia and similar pains are quickly relieved with "BC". Use it as directed on the package. For pains that persist always consult a physician. On sale everywhere—10¢ and 25¢.

B. C. Remedy Co., 251 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Relieves headaches, neuralgia, muscular aches and functional periodic pains.

Don't Say GAUZE-Say Sensational New PATENTED BANDAGE GAUZTEX

1. A NEW unfolded tape and bandage combined 2. Does not stick to skin or hair—no drag on or pull ing 3. Easy to apply—easy to remove—leaves no gummy, messy stain on skin 4. Lets healing air in—keeps dirt out 5. Won't come off in water

Gauze Gauztex is an amazing new bandage that needs no tape pins or strings to hold in place

Comes in extra convenient rolls of 2½ yds. and length to fit. Also, individual BAND AID QUICK fingertip sizes

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GAUZTEX Sticks To Itself—NEVER TO YOU

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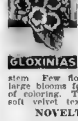

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THE greatest book of knowledge in the world is a scrapbook containing the Biblical, scientific, art, hygienic and domestic science articles and illustrations published regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. Why not start one for home and school use?

(Continued from Page 16)

work when her husband marched in with brightly packed boxes under his arm. Beneath the cropped blond hair, David Rowley's youthful face was pale and harassed and his eyes, when he saw me, seemed curiously uncertain. He made a rather heavy attempt to fit into *his* wife's mood of "Christmas as usual."

"Hello, Westlake, *so* Persis corralled you, too, did she?" He smiled at his wife. "Here are the rest of the trimmings, darling. I had a terrible time finding them."

He opened the boxes, revealing tinsel streamers and artificial snow. The three of us attacked the tree together. Although he was trying to hide it, Rowley was jittery as a cat. And my false Christmas serenity began to desert me. I started thinking: Why doesn't Cobb arrive or telephone? He must have gotten the taxi driver by now. Surely, he must.

Persis, as unruffled as ever, asked suddenly: "Where are the others, David? We seem deserted."

"They're all outside" Rowley glanced down at her from the chair on which he was standing. "I just saw Oliver go out of the front door. The Halls are out in the garden admiring the stars. Even Grace and the Judge are strolling around somewhere." His laugh was unsteady. "I guess none of them find the house particularly cheerful in spite of your Christmas tree."

The rest of the tree-decorating passed in strained silence. When it was over, I announced my intention of going home, but Rowley said jerkily:

"No, Westlake, you've got to have a nightcap first."

Before I had time to reply, he gripped my elbow with a hand that was none too steady. "Come on and mix it yourself."

He guided me purposefully out of the room and into the deserted bar. There he closed the door behind us and swung around to face me. I could tell from his tense expression that he had something far more important than drinking on his mind.

"Westlake, there's something I've got to tell you. I didn't want Persis to know. It's something I've just found."

HIS hand moved to his pocket and pulled out a fat little notebook bound in black leather.

"The taxi driver!" he said jerkily. "The little guy with the twisted lip who lured Karen up to the soap-house, the man who you think killed Norma... You were right, Westlake. He did?"

I stared. "How do you...?"

"I know the whole story now. This book explains everything Westlake, it's fantastic, ghastly!"

"What is the book? Tell me."

"Normie's diary." Rowley ran a distracted hand through his hair. "I found it just now. Norma had a little portable desk, an old-fashioned desk, where she kept her letters. Persis gave it to me and told me to go through the letters and destroy them. She didn't want to do it herself. I sorted out the letters; then I must have touched some kind of spring in the side because the whole bottom opened and there was a sort of secret compartment underneath. I found the diary there. Here! Look at it yourself!"

Impulsively he held the notebook out to me. I took it. Norma's diary! Just having it in my hand gave me a queer little chill. While Rowley watched me, his eyes very intent, I turned back the cover and saw the thin, nervous handwriting on the first page:

I can't bear it any longer—keeping everything bottled up inside. Karen made me promise never to talk to her about it. And there's no one else. That's why I've got to do this. I've got to write it down; maybe that will draw some of the poison of it out of me. Maybe...!!

I read on and, through those broken, scribbled sentences, the whole story which Karen had just confided in me, emerged piece by piece. With a certain grim satisfaction I realized how useful this fortuitously discovered evidence was going to be for Cobb. Here, in writing, was a full explanation of the Jimmie Salter—Libby—taxi driver saga. This would be far more damning against the taxi driver than any verbal statement from Karen. It was a real break for us—and for Karen, too. With any luck, she should now be spared a great deal of painful interrogation.

Rowley watched me as I read. Huskily, he said: "You see, Westlake, it explains why—why the taxi driver hated her, why he attacked Karen. That whole miserable business about Jimmie! It's incredible that the girls could have kept it from us all this time without our dreaming..."

"Yes. This confirms everything. Lucky you found it."

"Then — then you knew already?"

"Pretty much."

He moistened his lips. "I didn't want Persis to know—not until she has to. You'll see it gets to the police at once, won't you?"

"Sure."

We stood there, staring at each other. I could tell Rowley was pretty staggered. And he had very reason to be. But he was trying not to show it.

Jesus, he said: "The police... have they caught him yet?"

"No." I hated having to say that. It revealed me once more of my own miserable failure earlier that evening when Albert Williams had been actually within my grasp.

"They've got to," said Rowley passionately. "They can't have let him out of the neighborhood. They can't!"

He gave a weak grin and turned away to the bar. "Yes. I need a drink. You probably do, too."

Slipping the little notebook into my pocket, I joined him. He lifted the decanter and started tilting whisky into a glass.

It was then that, distant but very clear and sharp, the sound of a shot came from outside split the silence of the room.

Rowley clattered the decanter back onto the bar. We stood there staring at each other.

"A shot!" This in the direction of the garden."

Simultaneously we made a dive for the door. In a second we were back in the living room. Persis Rowley was bent unconcernedly over her embroidery.

"Persis," exclaimed Rowley. "There was a shot in the garden. You heard it?"

"I heard something." Her face curiously expressionless she glanced up from her embroidery. "Are you sure it was a... ?"

"David, what is it?" Grace Salter spoke sharply. "The Judge and I were up in the meadow. We heard a shot."

"Yes, yes," snapped Rowley. "Where did it come from? From what direction? We were indoors. We..."

"From over there." Grace Salter pointed ahead. "I think it came from over there by the barn."

The four of us started forward then, running, stumbling across the snowy lawn. We had none of us thought to stop for a flashlight. It was tricky going. We blundered through scrubby bushes. The barn, about [illegible] Large [illegible] on the [illegible] of the house.

We burst [illegible] should nearly stand [illegible] And suddenly voices [illegible] of us.

"Sue [illegible] Peters.

Mrs. [illegible] Hall.

"Where's [illegible]

Hall [illegible]

"Yes, yes. We [illegible] it."

Everyone [illegible] I [illegible] Everyone [illegible] Karen. Where was Karen? And as we stumbled [illegible] visible but I [illegible] the most hideous [illegible]

The case [illegible] Karen and Norma [illegible] gether had left [illegible] that [illegible] stood on the [illegible]

But I had let him slip through my fingers before his revery was completed. What if he had come [illegible] the [illegible] Persis [illegible] the back [illegible] three [illegible] had [illegible] his life. What [illegible] better [illegible] ghastly [illegible] had [illegible] even though the guilt of the crime [illegible]

Here we are!

It was David Rowley's [illegible] high pitched. And as [illegible] I could [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

A FAMILY PROBLEM IN BLACK AND WHITE

The Photograph Above Shows Smokie, a Feline Resident of Reading, Pennsylvania, Contemplating a Remarkable Family Problem in Black and White. Although the Mother Is as Murky as Midnight Every One of the Quadruplets She Recently Brought Into the World Was Snow-White. Everybody Seemed Surprised at the Situation Except Smokie Herself.

[illegible] the other day in Reading, Pennsylvania, as the photographs above graphically show. The mother's name is appropriately [illegible]

Smokie's owners know for [illegible] that she presented them with four of the cutest kittens you ever laid eyes on. [illegible] to complete the [illegible] statistics of the [illegible] of the feline was which happens to be in Pennsylvania. But they were not prepared for a four-part family as white as they were hungry.

It wouldn't be exactly accurate to say [illegible] took any great pride in what happened to Smokie, or that students of the rather complicated business of breeding seemed to be making much fuss over a first-hand look at an unusual family problem in black and white.

It is true that such phenomena are not everyday events even among so prolific a breed as the cat family, and the mathematical chances of a black cat giving birth to four all-white kittens are said to be one in several thousand.

Whether Smokie was prepared for it or not, she took the situation calmly and registered as much motherly affection for her youngsters as though they were colored like herself.

Appetizing Menus for the Week by Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Prunes, Whole Grain Cereal, Poached Eggs, Toasted Muffins, Favorite Fruit Jam, Milk or Coffee	Broiled Grapefruit with Brown Sugar, Cereal, Rolled Omelet with Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Cranberry Juice, Cereal, Corn Meal Griddle-Cakes, Bacon, Applesauce, Coffee.	Bananas with Orange Juice, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs, Bacon, Toasted Rolls, Coffee.	Pineapple Juice, Cereal, Tomato-Scrambled Eggs, Melba Toast, Coffee.	Grapes or Prune Juice, Cereal, Rolled Pancakes, Honey or Maple Syrup, Milk or Coffee.	Orange and Grapefruit Juice, Cereal, Scrapple, Toasted [illegible] Apple Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon (Company)*	*Dinner*
Economy Peanut Loaf, Apple Slaw, Chocolate Doughnuts, Tea.	Economy Rumanian Gevech, Mixed Green Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Fig Surprise, Tea with Lemon.	Tomato Cocktail, Baked Bean Stew, Boston Brown Bread, Ripe Cucumber Pickles, Squash Pie in Ginger Cut.	Fruit Cocktail, Creamed Fish in Tomato Rice Molds, Spinach Timbales, Rolls, Cured Straws, Savory Pickles, Spread	Onion Chowder, French Bread, Celery Hearts, Carrot Straws, Mixed Fruits in Lemon Gelatin.	American Chop-Suey or Chow-Mein, Red Pepper Jam, Rolls, Frozen Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise, Crackers, Cheese Tray, Mystery Layer Cake, Coffee.	Mock Lobster a la Newburg on Toast, Vegetable Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Orange Trifle, Sour Cream Drop Cookies.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner (Quick)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Baked Bean Soup, Crisp Rye Wafers, Old-Fashioned Corned Beef with Spaghetti, Jellied Tomato Salad, Mayonnaise, Apple Pie, Cocoa.	Cranberry Cocktail, Stuffed Pork Chops, Potato Apples, Water Spinach, Lettuce or Cress Salad, Fruit Roll.	Beef Loaf Whipped Sweet Potato Buttered Broccoli Lettuce Salad Raisin Dressing Pineapple Sponge Tea	Shrimp and Cheese Sandwiches, Potato Chips or Carrot Chips, Raw Cauliflower, One-Two-Three Dessert.	Oyster Sauce, Paprika Potatoes, Green Asparagus, Cucumber Salad, French Dressing, Orange Ice-Box Cake, Cocoa.	Raw Vegetable Hors d'Oeuvres, Broiled Hamburgers, Onion Rings, Potato Casserole, Prune Whip, Cookies.	Mock Lobster a la Newburg on Toast, Vegetable Salad, Ice-Box Rolls, Orange Trifle, Sour Cream Drop Cookies.

Recipes From Our Menus

Economy Pilau.

FRY ¼ pound minced bacon in saucepan until delicately brown. Add 1 cup well-washed rice, 2 cups boiling water, 2 cups tomatoes, a few grains pepper, 2 teaspoons salt and 1 pound chopped raw lamb or beef. A little onion juice may be added. Cook in a covered dish until rice is tender and has absorbed the [illegible] The meat may be omitted; if the pilau may be sprinkled grossly with grated cheese and returned to the heat just long enough to melt the cheese.

Economy Rumanian Gevech.

PARBOIL 1¼ cups shredded cabbage, ¼ cup minced onion, ½ cup well-washed rice and ⅔ cup diced potatoes in salted water for 20 minutes. If desired, ½ shredded green pepper may be added. Drain. Add 3 pound sliced fish, ⅔ cup canned tomatoes, 3 tablespoons water, ½ teaspoon pepper and a scant teaspoon salt. Turn into buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven. Baste occasionally while cooking. Garnish with sliced lemon and serve piping-hot.

Strange Names That Parents Give Their Youngsters

SOME day we may have a President named Kansas Cyclone Flemming or Righteous Butts. This sounds ridiculous, but it isn't. Any American-born youngster might become the Chief Executive and a nationwide study of odd names given children shows we could wind up having a President with a handle like Nute Scoot, or Booze William Ringer.

Take Kansas Cyclone Flemming, a youngster who lives in a small rural Michigan community near Traverse City. The Flemmings have named all their six [illegible] after [illegible] types [illegible] and true American. And if Kansas C. one did not become President one of his four brothers might and we would have a Montana Lou Flemming, Nevada Miner Flemming, Oklahoma Oiler Flemming, or Texas Ranger Flemming in the White House.

One of the queerest collections of names is in the Georgia Bureau of Vital Statistics where Butler Toombs, Bureau director, has made this his hobby. His book shows that parents name their offspring after anything from their favorite whisky to famous Bible characters.

A favorite source of names seems to be the newspapers. The chances are that scores of youngsters, born during an election or some world-shaking event, will be named after the newly-elected Chief Executive, or some other prominent person. In Toombs' collection is a "Hoover Depression Clark," a "Roosevelt Love," and a pair of twins, "Haile Selassie" and "Mussolini."

Another set of twins bear the pious names of "Serve Ye the Lord Jenkins" and "Obey the Lord Jenkins." Other prize designations are "Lovie P. Honey," "Industrious Giles," "Louisiana Missouri Yates," "Lake Tea Orange," "Twigg Higgs," "Lovely Birdie Robinson," "Future Bettersome," "Mark Outlaw," and "Benetha Moon."

What every woman wants to know

Is there a *"first aid"* for chest colds?

That's no idle question! Not when you think back on the number of chest colds you've probably had to "treat" in your family. It's a constantly recurring problem for *you*. What's the answer?

The answer is — YES! There is such a thing as a *first aid* for the discomforts of common chest colds. And a mighty fine one it is, too!

ANTIPHLOGISTINE

What Antiphlogistine is NOT:

It is not a [illegible]-night treatment!
It is *not* a quick "rub-on and rub-off"!
It does *not* work in a matter of minutes!
It is *not* a preventative or a cure-all!

What Antiphlogistine IS:

It is a fine medicated dressing.
It is the best aid which should be applied promptly at the first symptom of a simple chest cold.
It helps relieve chest cold discomforts.
It works for 8 to 12 hours.
It is an inexpensive campaign for relief.

[illegible] but important differences between [illegible] and ordinary products designed for [illegible] chest cold discomforts. They are important differences for you to consider.

Yes, [illegible] for the modern, convenient ANTIPHLOGISTINE. It's a valuable first aid to keep in your medicine cabinet.

Antiphlogistine

(pronounced anti-flo-gis'-teen)

Now Also in Tubes

A product of The Denver Chemical Mfg. Co., New York, N. Y.

RIDDLE IN RED

(Continued from Page 19)

barn itself, spraying out from a cavernous opening where the big rolling doors had been swung back.

"It's a fire," said Mrs. Salter. "Some sort of a fire inside the barn."

And, then, suddenly, as we all sped forward, a sound came from the barn. The high, shrill sound of a woman screaming.

"It's Karen," shouted David. "It's Karen's voice. It . ."

None of us had a gun. There was no kind of weapon amongst the six of us. But I don't think anyone gave that fact a thought. Running at top speed, we all dashed toward that gleaming entrance to the barn.

I think David Rowley and I reached it first, the others thudding close behind us. We stepped across the threshold together. And simultaneously, the sight inside revealed itself to us.

But only in stages. For first of all, I saw Karen. She was standing in the center of the barn and Oliver stood behind her, his arms supporting her. Around them and above them darkness stretched, darkness detailed here and there with a vague suggestion of hay or a beam. And before them on a base of bricks, dully glowing was a little brazier . . a metal container, punctured with holes and packed with burning wood.

The illumination from it played across Karen's red hair; it showed her face, taut, deathly white, with staring eyes.

That's all I saw in those first seconds — until I moved. I moved to the left with Rowley following me.

And suddenly, we saw the thing that Karen saw. I saw it with a horror that was confusedly mixed with incredulity. Because I didn't see what it meant. I could not connect it with the neat logical pattern into which I had managed to pack the mysterious and terrible things which had happened at Fallowfield.

For there, sprawled at Karen's feet on the dusty, hay-scattered floor of the barn, was the body of a man. It was a small crumpled body, curiously pathetic in its smallness and its dishevelment.

Dimly I saw a pistol was clutched in the upflung bandaged right hand. But I scarcely noticed it, because I was staring at the face.

I could see it clearly in the light from the brazier, a small, greyish face with its beady eyes glaring blindly upward, a small face with its contorted upper lip cruelly emphasized by the quivering light of the fire.

And there was a wound, a dark, matted wound in the temple.

Albert Williams, the ghostly taxi driver, the little man with the twisted lip who had haunted the dreams of his three red-headed victims, Albert Williams, the man whom I had already accused of murder in my mind, Albert Williams, the man for whom the entire police force was searching . . .!

He was lying there on the floor of Rowley's barn with a bullet wound in his head. Dead!

(To Be Continued Next Week)

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Here's the New Secret of Lighter Cakes

DON'T CHANGE THIS Recipe

DON'T CHANGE THESE

JUST CHANGE TO CRISCO

Lighter cakes—delicious!... Prove it with Crisco's CHOCOLATE PLANTATION CAKE with creamy peanut icing

½ cup Crisco
1½ cups sugar
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon vanilla
2 eggs
2 squares chocolate, melted
1½ cups sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 cup buttermilk

Blend Crisco with sugar, salt, vanilla and eggs. Stir in chocolate. Add sifted dry ingredients alternately with buttermilk. (Notice the smoother batter that "Sure-Mix" Crisco gives you!) Pour into two 9-inch "Criscoed" layer pans. Bake in moderate oven (350° F.) 30-35 minutes. Cool.

CREAMY PEANUT ICING: Blend together 2 tablespoons Crisco, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 egg white, and 1 cup confectioners sugar. Add 3 tablespoons milk and additional 2 cups of confectioners sugar. Beat till creamy. Add 1 cup finely chopped salted peanuts. Frost between layers, top and sides of cake. Spread 2 squares of melted cooking chocolate over sides of cake. Dip ends of peanuts in chocolate and decorate top. Toasted almonds may be substituted for peanuts.

All Measurements Level

PROCTER & GAMBLE • CINCINNATI

YES! Crisco gives you LIGHTER CAKES than any other shortening!

Only "Sure-Mix" Crisco has this grand new "Lighter-Cakes" secret

Have you always stuck to expensive table shortening for your cakes? Then you'll hardly believe your eyes when you change to Crisco and see how much lighter cakes you get! . . .

You'll see an amazing difference the minute you start to mix your Crisco-cake . . . Your ingredients come together in a smoother batter—the batter *holds* together . . . doesn't have that "curdled" look! That's what we call *"active"* blending. Only Crisco gives it, because only Crisco is made by the exclusive patented "Sure-Mix" process.

How proud you'll be when you take your Crisco cake layers from the oven—so amazingly high and fluffy, so tempting. Yes, Crisco cakes are *lighter* than you can get with any other shortening we know of!

There'll be plenty of excitement when the family tastes your lighter, fine-textured, delicious Crisco cake! What fun to hear them say—"Best cake you ever made!" Won't you change to Crisco today?

FOODS FRIED IN CRISCO ARE SO DIGESTIBLE EVEN CHILDREN MAY EAT 'EM!
CRISCO
NEW "SURE-MIX"
CRISCO
AMERICA'S LARGEST-SELLING ALL-VEGETABLE SHORTENING

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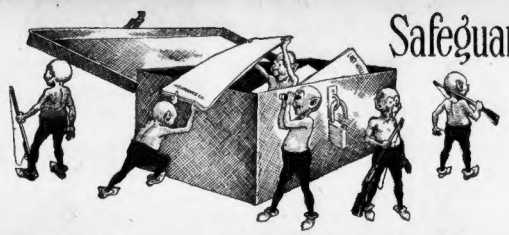


Safeguarding Valuable Home Records

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

QUITE a number of years ago it was necessary, in connection with a special piece of work, for my son to produce his birth certificate.

When he asked me the exact place of his birth, I named a certain hospital in New York City. But when he followed up this information, he found the old hospital merged with a new, and all former records removed. Finally, after two full days' annoyance and delay spent in running from this office to the other, he was handed the precious bit of paper which certified that, legally, he "was born."

In these defense days, with changes and sudden removals going on constantly, and with every promise of more shifts to follow, the efficient handling of home records becomes vitally important. And since husbands and other male heads of the family are so occupied with other duties, it will fall to the woman and home-maker to take more responsibility for the safekeeping of home records, as well as to put more attention to her full job of household bookkeeping.

January, as the first month of the year, is the right moment for all home-makers to get their particular "business corner" fully organized and equipped. While many kitchens boast some kind of "business shelf," it goes without saying that any convenient desk, shelves or cabinet can be used for the purposes of record-keeping.

But first it may be advocated that every family, at the beginning of this so-uncertain year, rent a safety-deposit box in the local bank. Such metal boxes, renting for small yearly sums, are permanently located in the fire-and-theft-proof foundation steel vaults of the bank.

A safety-deposit box is the only secure place for all valuable papers, such as life and other insurances, deeds, wills, and birth certificates. Here, too, should be placed for safekeeping all bonds, including the popular U. S. defense savings bonds which every person is now purchasing up to the limit of his ability in income.

With the cost of a yearly safety deposit box only a few cents monthly, it is the height of folly to be careless with any valuable paper or bond and keep it around the house. It is easy and simple to look at or remove any papers from such deposit box, whenever desirable.

Birth certificates have already been mentioned. But if such certificates, for each member of the family, are not in your keeping, then by all means investigate them now. They may, in your city, be recorded in the Department of Health, or similar public bureau.

If you have not an original paper, then you usually can secure a duplicate for a nominal sum. Or, you may care to have a photostat made of the birth certificate, or of other valuable papers, the originals of which must be retained by the city or community departments.

While the custom of making what is called a photostatic copy of any writing, paper, or any other printed material (or photograph) is well recognized in business, it may be a new idea to some home-makers.

But it is very simple. There are many firms who specialize in just this line. You take them your valuable paper, and they photograph it in a strong black-and-white copy on stiff paper, which you may carry with you instead of the more precious original, which you have put into safekeeping. The cost is reasonable for a letter-size page of writing or print.

It is recommended by numerous experts, for instance, that it is an excellent plan to have a photostat copy made of the papers connected with your income or other taxes. After the schedule is made out, take it to a firm which makes photostats, and get the entire paper with every detail copied in permanent, tamper-proof black-and-white! It will be a valuable record of exactly what was paid—and save possible argument, delay and future annoyance.

Mention of the income tax brings up the recollection here, that now that the inroads on all incomes, subject to both National and State income taxes, have increased, it is necessary for the home-maker to become a better bookkeeper. Where formerly, perhaps, she did not take particular care of certain receipts, records or papers, now it is obligatory if she wishes to be saved a distressing "headache," come next March 15th.

Every family, of course, must keepsits daily or weekly, as well as monthly, expenditures in some systematic sort of way, which can be referred to instantly, and which will readily disclose totals in different headings.

A question often asked the writer is: "What system of household accounts do you advise?"

A most difficult question!

The answer is similar to that to the question: "How do you make the best cup of coffee?" The writer invariably replies: "Make it your own individual way—anyway, provided the results are excellent."

So, too, with bookkeeping or handling financial items — the "best way" depends on the woman, the way she has been trained, and similar personal factors. Some women are born with "a head for figures"—others cannot endure anything mathematical.

It is, therefore, impossible to lay down hard-and-fast rules that a ledger should be used, or large envelopes or cards. Select the means or equipment which enables you to secure the best results—and stick to it.

A visit to a good stationer's supply store will, however, be suggestive to all home-makers. For example, there is the familiar box-like fibreboard letter file, with alphabetical index tabs. This sells for very little, and is one simple but excellent method of keeping bills in efficient arrangement.

The writer uses two such boxes on her business shelf, and has already put the labels on, one for "Unpaid Bills" 1942, and the other for "Paid Bills" 1942. The various index tabs, are, of course, used for dealers or heads beginning with the letter, as "M" for "Milk"; "E" for "Electric Light"; "R" for "Rent," etc.

As soon as a bill is received, it is placed in the Unpaid file; after the weekly or monthly settlement, the receipted bill is placed in the Paid file. If the home-maker knows now what expenses are to be credited in her income tax for 1942, she can so arrange receipted bills of the specified headings in their proper order now—and save much, much confusion and searching next March.

Another plan used by many women is that of a dozen legal-size envelopes kept in a single leather cover, each envelope with its labeled heading, "Rent," "Food," "Operating," "Clothing," and so on through, into whatever divisions she divides her budget. As bills come in, each is placed in the proper envelope and the whole tied in a single small packet until payday comes.

A metal cash-box is almost a "Must"" in any well-organized household, costs little, and is very handy indeed. The upper tray may hold postage as well as coins for daily petty cash, while the lower compartment, if locked, makes a fairly safe container for small sums in daily use, or papers not yet ready to file, but which should be kept away from little Willie or the wastebasket. Placed on the business desk, such a cash-box is both efficient and helpful in keeping loose daily records in order until they can be located more permanently.

It may be pointed out here that it is a sensible thing to have every bill receipted with a rubber stamp or in ink, not merely, for example, in pencil with the driver's or dealer's initials; and all checks should indicate in writing for what objects or merchandise they have been paid.

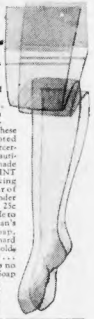
Doctors, dentists, medical fees generally, should be most carefully docketed, as unfortunately there are agencies operating which make a practice of buying up lists of so-called "unpaid patients," and, years later, suing the patient because of an apparently unpaid bill of long ago. Last, remember that a claim for an unpaid bill may exist some 10 years legally, in certain States.

Today, the business of housekeeping has entered fully into the nation's business. Each woman, each housewife and home-manager becomes a responsible unit of her country's affairs.

With so many men out of the home, it is part of woman's role to handle finances, and take as much care of her home records as if she were employed in caring for records in industry or government.

Start the New Year right—right now—and organize your home business corner for efficient handling in 1942.

SPECIAL OFFER!
3-THREAD SILK STOCKINGS
for 25¢
and wrapper from
SAYMAN'S VEGETABLE WONDER SOAP
For a limited time, you can get lovely sheer silk stockings at a BIG SAVING. These silk stockings have picoted hems and reinforced mercerized heel and toe . . . are beautifully toned in smart new shade of Bali beige . . . just PRINT name, address and stocking size on wrapper from bar of Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap. Mail wrapper with 25c in COIN. This offer is made to acquaint you with Sayman's Vegetable Wonder Soap, which lathers at a touch in hard water, soft water, hot, cold, mineral or alkali water . . . rinses completely . . . leaves no soapy film. Send Sayman Soap wrapper, name, address, stocking size and 25c to Sayman Products Co., 2101 Locust, St. Louis, Mo.



IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

Almanack Hints

HAVE you a time or money-saving hint to pass on to other Almanackers? Such ideas are worth sharing with other readers, and the Almanack wants to print them—the more the merrier. For each hint sent in and used in this department we will pay $1. You may send in as many as you want. Hints not used cannot be returned. Please keep them short and to the point and address: ALMANACK HINTS EDITOR, P. O. Box 191,

RUBBER

Mrs. Krom of Elmwood, Conn., suggested wearing a pair of old silk gloves under rubber gloves. I think my plan for making rubber gloves easy to draw on and off is better for the gloves and more convenient. I keep a box of cheap gloss starch for this purpose. Before I put on the rubber gloves, I simply dip my fingers in the starch and the gloves slide on easily. When I remove the gloves, I dry them on both sides. To turn them inside out, they are turned, caught at the wrist and twirled around. The air "blows" the fingers out. I pat them dry and powder them with starch. This is the hospital method for using and preserving good rubber gloves.

Mrs. A. H. Fish,
Chico, California.

* * *

CARROTS

Children who refuse carrots will usually eat them when they are prepared as follows: Use about one half as many carrots as potatoes. Cut the carrots in small pieces, the potatoes in half. Boil them together slowly in only enough water to prevent burning. When done do not drain but add butter and milk and mash as one mashes potatoes. It is delicious with or without gravy, the nutritive value is not lost in juices and the color is inviting.

Anne Krieg,
Chicago, Ill.

* * *

PAPER

I save all paper. I soak it well with water and roll it into a hard ball, about the size of golf balls. Then I dry these. You will be surprised how they will pile up over a period of a few months when you are not using any fire. By the time you are ready to light your furnace in the fall, you will have several bushels of these paper balls and if rolled tight and hard you will be very well satisfied with your "kindling." I have used them for years and never waste any paper especially newspaper.

Margaret Smith,
Windsor, Ont. Canada.

* * *

PUDDING

Spread a plain rice or bread pudding with a layer of jam or jelly and cover with a meringue. Bake in a moderate oven until meringue is slightly brown.

Mrs. V. Shaman,
Portland, Oregon.

* * *

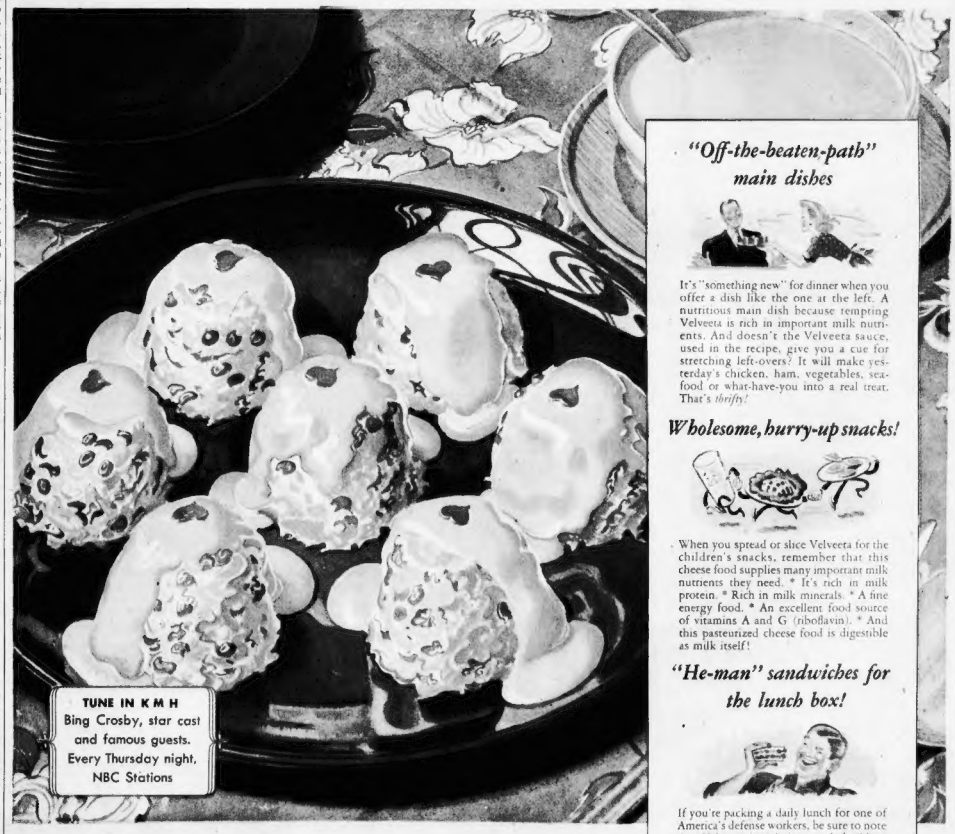
ROAST

When I have a roast in the oven, I bring my vegetables to a boil and put the pans (covered) in the oven. They cook in the same time, and save me the extra gas.

Mrs. Andrew Dykes,
Kingston, N. Y.

Turn over these 3 jobs to VELVEETA!

Kraft's tempting nutritious cheese food



"Off-the-beaten-path" main dishes

It's "something new" for dinner when you offer a dish like the one at the left. A nutritious main dish because tempting Velveeta is rich in important milk nutrients. And doesn't the Velveeta sauce, used in the recipe, give you a cue for stretching left-overs? It will make yesterday's chicken, ham, vegetables, seafood or what-have-you into a real treat. That's *thrifty!*

Wholesome, hurry-up snacks!

When you spread or slice Velveeta for the children's snacks, remember that this cheese food supplies many important milk nutrients they need. * It's rich in milk protein. * Rich in milk minerals. * A fine energy food. * An excellent food source of vitamins A and G (riboflavin). * And this pasteurized cheese food is digestible as milk itself!

"He-man" sandwiches for the lunch box!

If you're packing a daily lunch for one of America's defense workers, be sure to note that Velveeta is rich in muscle-building protein, in milk calcium and milk phosphorus, and in vitamins A and G. School lunches should have these protective food elements, too. So slice Velveeta or spread its golden goodness *thick* for those away-from-home meals.

Vegetable Timbales with Velveeta Sauce — Mix together: 1½ cups cooked peas, 1½ cups canned corn, 1 cup drained canned tomatoes, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1½ cups soft bread crumbs, 3 beaten eggs, ¼ cup melted butter, seasonings to taste. Pour into 7 buttered custard cups and bake in a pan of water in 350° oven about 45 or 50 minutes.

For sauce melt ½ pound of Velveeta in top of a double boiler. Gradually add ½ cup milk, stirring until smooth. Serve a generous amount of hot sauce on each timbale.

Rich, Mild cheese flavor

Money-saving 2-pound loaf

* OTHER CHEDDAR CHEESE FLAVORS FROM KRAFT

MEDIUM-MELLOW! Kraft American, with the same goodness and cookability every time. Also in thrifty 2-pound loaves.

SHARP FLAVOR! Old English Brand—tantalizing flavor plus perfect cooking quality. Also in 2-pound loaves.

THE WORLD'S FAVORITE CHEESES ARE MADE BY KRAFT

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2 EASY WAYS TO GET
EXTRA IRON
IN DELICIOUS FOODS

MOLASSES MILK SHAKE
—Mix one or more tablespoons of Brer Rabbit Molasses with a glass of milk.

MOLASSES GINGERBREAD...a delightful treat! The only way to get a rich molasses flavor is to bake with real molasses.

● RICH in the flavor children love . . . and rich in iron, too—Brer Rabbit Molasses is truly a mother's helper.

Scientific tests prove Brer Rabbit New Orleans Molasses is second only to beef liver as a rich food source of available iron. Three tablespoons will supply about one-third of a child's minimum daily iron requirements.

Brer Rabbit Molasses comes in two flavors—Green Label, a dark, full-flavored molasses; Gold Label, a light, mild-flavored molasses.

FREE Cook Book with over 100 ways to use molasses. Also pamphlet on children's iron needs.

Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., New Orleans, La., Dept. WF 175-3

Please send me free copies of Brer Rabbit's "Modern Recipes for Modern Living" and "Something Every Mother Should Know."

Name (Print name and address)

Street

City State

Here's *secret* of perfect GRAVY
at only a penny's cost!

1. FLAVOR. Kitchen Bouquet gives the most delicious flavor to gravies.
2. COLOR. Kitchen Bouquet makes everything look so appetizing—adds a rich, tempting brown color.
3. EASY TO USE. It's so easy to cook with Kitchen Bouquet. You just season to taste or follow simple recipe included in package.
4. ECONOMICAL. Kitchen Bouquet is inexpensive to use—goes a long way.

● Get Kitchen Bouquet—the seasoning sauce—today.

KITCHEN BOUQUET

If you can't Nurse Baby..

. . . you can give baby the help of nipples patterned closely after the breast. Gently sloping shoulders and stubby tip encourage normal development of mouth and jaw. Even breast-fed babies need them for supplementary feeding.

LOOK FOR THE BLUE BAND

"Anti-Colic"
The "Semi-Tab"
BRAND NIPPLES

FOR YOUR FREE COPY OF "BABY FEEDING MADE EASY" WRITE TO DAVOL RUBBER COMPANY, DEPT. A1, PROVIDENCE, R. I.
DAVOL

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY is the mightiest of magazines.

SIMPLE COOKERY FOR TASTY DISHES

By MARIE and MARGARET STROBEL, Union City, N. J.

THE FACT that we are one hundred per cent in favor of "Delicious Dishes Prepared by Simple Cookery" led us into the belief that a little more investigation along this line on our parts would prove profitable. You see, we too, like to discover and make new tasty food dishes that do justice to a limited budget as well as keep preparation time down to a minimum. As cookery demands strict observance of nutrition values, we started with this fact in mind.

We decided to start from the "shopping point" and work our way on. Fortunately the idea we discovered was right in keeping with these plans of ours and that idea was: put canned cream soups to work as ingredients in recipes. As we have two days per week set aside as shopping days and refrigerator space so assembled that it takes care of the present planned perishable foodstuffs with no inch going to waste, we had two factors on our side at the outset. Buying and keeping this canned goods was not going to be a problem as our budget, though limited, was flexible enough to include these purchases and our pantry contained space for their storing till needed.

Our usual food purchases cooperated nicely with our new idea; in that we had a variety of foodstuffs to work with, a sound idea, plus definite convictions that our original ideas on the recipes we wanted were sound. Time, experimentation, work in our kitchen, plus taste tests and use are behind these original recipes of ours. Pride in good original recipes is a luxury which we are enjoying and which we hope you too, will judge we have a right to enjoy them.

* * *

OYST-OON SOUP

1 dozen oysters
3 cups oyster liquid plus cold water
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 cup grated raw carrot
1 small onion
Salt and pepper to taste
3 teaspoons chopped parsley
2 teaspoons whole wheat bread crumbs.

Chop the oysters fine. Bring the oyster liquid plus cold water to a boil, skim, add the dozen oysters which have been chopped fine, and simmer ten minutes. Add the contents of the can of cream of mushroom soup, the raw carrot, the whole peeled onion. Simmer for five minutes; serve hot, garnished with parsley and bread crumbs. Serves four.

* * *

SCARLET CABBAGE PIGLETS

4 large white cabbage leaves
1 pound sausage meat
1 cup cooked rice
1 egg
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 can cream of tomato soup
1 bay leaf
1 small onion (chopped)
½ cup water.

Wash the cabbage leaves in salted water and drain. Mix the sausage meat, the rice, the egg, the salt, and the pepper thoroughly together. Put spoonfuls of the meat mixture on each of the cabbage leaves, roll, and fasten with toothpicks. Place in a frying pan. Mix the contents of the can of cream of tomato soup, the bay leaf, the onion, and the water; pour over the cabbage rolls in the frying pan. Simmer over a low heat for ten to twelve minutes. Serves four. (Remove the bay leaf before serving.)

* * *

SPAGHETTI COMBINE

½ pound chopped beef
½ pound sausage meat
1 egg
1 small onion (chopped)
1½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
1 can cream of tomato soup
1 can cream of mushroom soup
1 cup water
1 pound spaghetti.

Mix the chopped beef with the sausage meat, egg, onion, and seasonings. Shape into small rounds, fry slowly until brown on all sides. Mix the cream of tomato soup, the cream of mushroom soup, and the water. Cook the spaghetti in salted water until done (twenty minutes) and drain. Simmer the cream soups mixture with the meat rounds for two or three minutes. On each individual plate, place a serving of spaghetti topped by the meat and sauce combine. Serve hot. Gives four liberal servings.

* * *

CORN POTATO CAKES

4 large sweet potatoes
1 can cream of celery soup
1 small (No. 1) can corn (white or yellow)
4 slices square mild store cheese.

Boil the sweet potatoes until done (about thirty minutes), drain, peel, and mash. Add the contents of the can of cream of celery soup, the contents of the can of corn and blend thoroughly together. Drop by the spoonfuls on a greased baking sheet, shape with the spoon into round, flat cakes (eight cakes in all), top with a half slice of the cheese and put under the broiler to brown. Serves four.

* * *

CREAMED WHITE CABBAGE

1 small head (2 pounds white cabbage)
1 can cream of celery soup
1 small green pepper
1 small onion (chopped)
1 cup water
¼ teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon pepper.

Cut the head of cabbage into four parts (each part of the cabbage having a part of the cabbage core to hold it together), wash in salted water, and drain. Wash, remove the seeds, and chop the green pepper medium fine. Put the cabbage, green pepper, whole onion, water, salt and pepper in a large saucepan, cover and cook over a low flame until the cabbage is tender (about twenty minutes). Then remove the cooked cabbage from its sauce, add the contents of the can of cream of celery soup to the cabbage sauce, simmer for two minutes, and pour over the cabbage quarters. Garnish with paprika and serve hot. Serves four.

BLACK BEAN SOUP

A RECIPE THAT HAS MANY VARIATIONS

"THIS is very good for Sunday night accompanied by some dessert that has been made on Saturday," writes Mrs. Lizzie Wilcox, Terril, Iowa. "I made it as follows: Be sure to try it some cold evening soon.

2 cups black beans
2 quarts water
1 onion
1 stalk celery
3 tablespoons butter
½ teaspoon dry mustard
Dash of cayenne
1 tablespoon flour
2 hard cooked eggs
2 lemons sliced.
½ teaspoon salt

"Soak beans overnight in water, drain and add cold water. Chop and fry onion and celery in butter, until light brown, add to beans. Bring to boil and let simmer about three hours—or until beans are soft. Add more water as it boils away. Rub through sieve, reheat and add seasonings. Melt rest of butter, blend in flour and gradually add to the soup, stirring until smooth and thick. Serve with thick slices of lemon and chopped hard cooked eggs."

(Mrs. Wilcox, all over the country today women are trying to cut down on their bills to fit the high cost of living budgets. I know of no more pleasant way than by serving black bean soup in one of its many variations. We have tried many recipes. Some of them are cooked with a piece of ham bone or smoked bacon. Others have a foundation of chicken or veal stock. Still others are like your black bean soup. We asked six very economical housekeepers to sample your recipe and each of them liked it.—Mary Lee Swann.)

The 15th Century Mongols Drew Crude Figures of Devil Gods on the Inside of Their Tents and, Before Eating, Rubbed a Portion of Their Food Against the Gods' Mouths for Good Luck.

CORNED BEEF SPOON BREAD

AN EXCELLENT "ALL-IN-ONE" DISH

"HERE is an interesting version of a favorite recipe that has won the praise of many masculine palates," writes Mrs. Frank N. Barrett, Norwalk, Conn. "As a supper dish, it is both tasty and economical. I make it this way:

½ cup corn meal
1 tablespoon chopped parsley (optional)
2 tablespoons chopped celery
1 teaspoon chopped onion
½ (12 ounce) can corned beef
⅝ teaspoon salt
3 slices bacon
1 cup milk
⅔ cup water
1 egg, slightly beaten
¼ teaspoon pepper

"Mix together in saucepan, cornmeal, parsley, celery, onion, 2 strips of bacon, chopped fine, milk and water. Boil for three minutes until mixture is thickened, stirring constantly. Add meat, egg and seasoning. If you have any leftover vegetables, they may be included. Pour into greased, medium sized casserole. Cut remaining strip of bacon in 1-inch pieces; arrange over top. Bake in a moderate oven at 375 degrees for thirty-five minutes. This recipe will serve from 4 to 6 persons."

(Mrs. Barrett, we are interested in your all-in-one dish because it is an economical and savory dish that is also a labor-saving suggestion. We followed your directions carefully. We baked the corned beef spoon bread in a buttered glass baking dish and served it piping hot with a garnish of crisp watercress. Every one who sampled it for us liked it. One woman said, "That reminds me of the delicious tamale pies I used to get in Mexico."—Mary Lee Swann.)

Cooks Aboard the American Clipper Ships in the China Tea Trade During the 19th Century Seasoned Soup With a Bit of Tea From the Cargo.

PEPPER ONIONS

TRY THEM WITH MASHED POTATOES OR RICE

"THIS recipe is my own invention, but it has become a favorite in my family for years," writes Mrs. Margaret Uts, Santa Cruz, California. "Sometimes I add fresh or canned tomato with it for variety. I am sure Almanackers will like it.

2 slices bacon or 2 tablespoons bacon fat or butter
2 green peppers
4 onions
Salt and black pepper to taste

"Cut the bacon in small cubes and fry till light brown. Remove seeds from peppers. Cube onions and peppers coarsely and add with seasonings to the bacon or butter. Cover tightly and let steam in own juices slowly until soft. In case it starts to stick or brown add a little water."

(Mrs. Uts, we asked several women who are interested in unusual recipes to sample your pepper onions for us. They liked the combination.—Mary Lee Swann.)

YOUR RECIPE MAY WIN $5

The American Weekly will pay $5 for each recipe sent in by readers and used on this page, all publication rights thereafter belonging to The American Weekly. Any kind of recipe may be submitted, the only restriction being that it must be original. In other words, it must not have appeared anywhere in print before. Do not send in any recipe which has appeared in any publication, or in any kind of printed cook book.

Write on one side of the paper only. Be sure to give your name and address. And write, or print plainly.

Send your recipe to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York, N. Y. Unused recipes cannot be returned.

Note: The Winner of a $5 Prize Is in No Way Disqualified From Winning Another. If Your Recipe Has Been Published in the Almanack But You Have Another Equally as Good, Send It In.

SOUR CREAM ICE CREAM

DELICIOUS WHEN MADE WITH CRUSHED PINEAPPLE

"I HAVE a recipe for ice cream that is delicious, inexpensive, and as far as I know original," writes Mrs. W. W. Caldwell, Wilkes Barre, Pa. "If it meets with your approval I will know it is as good as we think it is.

1 pint sour cream
2 cans sweetened condensed milk
1 quart whole milk
1 can crushed pineapple (or a pint of any crushed fruit)
A pinch of soda

"Add soda to sour cream, then add condensed milk. After mixing well add whole milk, put in a gallon freezer and freeze to a slush. Add crushed fruit and finish freezing. About 30 minutes."

(Mrs. Caldwell, your recipe is unbelievably easy and delicious. We shall treasure it as one of the best ice cream recipes in our files. Many of our readers will be grateful for suggesting a recipe which calls for sour cream. A sour cream ice cream is a treasure in most households.—Mary Lee Swann.)

By Edict of Ghasan ben Hanid, North African War-Lord of the 14th Century, Only Men Were Permitted to Eat His Favorite Dish of Baked Apple Parings Garnished With Chopped Nuts.

PARSLEY MUFFINS

AN UNUSUAL RECIPE SOME WILL LIKE

"HERE is a recipe that I originated myself and I have never seen it in print or heard of it," writes Enid Gibbons, Montclair, N. J. "It is prepared as follows: Three cups flour sifted with 3 teaspoons baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 2 beaten eggs and enough milk to make proper consistency, then add ½ cup melted butter and ½ cup chopped parsley. Bake until nicely browned. They are delicious and I can't keep any on hand, everyone likes them so, and parsley is very healthful too."

(Enid Gibbons, our readers who are parsley enthusiasts will bless your name for sharing this unusual recipe with us. We asked six young housekeepers to sample it for us. Three of them "adore parsley." Therefore, they think your muffins are "divine." Three of them do not like parsley in anything. Therefore, they do not like your recipe. We are adding parsley muffins to our list of unusually interesting recipes.—Mary Lee Swann.)

TICK! TOCK!
LADY, BELIEVE ME...!
DON'T THINK ONLY STRONG HARD-ON-HANDS PACKAGE SOAPS DO FAST DISHWASHING! SHOW HER, NEW IVORY!...
IVORY SOAP

SHE'S IN FOR a surprise! Her package soap shelved, she'll see improved Ivory Soap foam into rich "velvet suds" with just a swish, Swish, SWISH—even in hard water!

IS SHE AMAZED! IVORY'S NEW "VELVET SUDS" MAKE DISHES COME CLEAN FAST AS STRONGEST PACKAGE SOAPS! SHE'S WATCHED ME—I'VE TIMED HER!

YOU CAN'T ARGUE with the clock! You'll see that you don't take a minute longer with New Ivory! See how *fast* you finish—how *soon* you're out of your apron!

SOFTER, SMOOTHER hands are yours within 12 days after you change to New "Velvet-Suds" Ivory. It's milder than 10 leading toilet soaps. Get several bars of New Ivory—for economy's sake—right away.

& SPEED DISHWASHING...
NO RISK OF "STRONG-SOAP" HANDS!

NEW "VELVET-SUDS" IVORY SOAP 99 44/100% PURE

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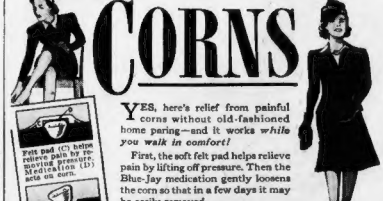
THE REAL DOINGS of real life characters—actual names of people and places—are given in the true stories printed in this and other issues of The American Weekly. That is why this magazine is different from other publications—more interesting.

WALK AWAY YOUR CORNS



Felt pad (C) helps relieve pain by relieving pressure. Medication (D) acts on corn.

In a few days corn is gently loosened so it may be easily removed.

YES, here's relief from painful corns without old-fashioned home paring—and it works *while you walk in comfort!*

First, the soft felt pad helps relieve pain by lifting off pressure. Then the Blue-Jay medication gently loosens the corn so that in a few days it may be easily removed.

Blue-Jay costs very little—only a few cents to treat each corn—at all drug and toilet goods counters.

BLUE-JAY BAUER & BLACK CORN PLASTERS

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MAKE MORE OF "LEFTOVERS"

Help Conserve food and power. First let hot leftovers cool. Then wrap food and cover bowls with CUT-RITE. It's double-waxed to help retain moisture and freshness. Put in refrigerator.

You Save, Too. Food and fuel bills will be lower. What's more, CUT-RITE conserves paper. Because it's extra-strong 2 thickness often does the work of 2 thicknesses of ordinary waxed paper.

P. S. Help conserve uncooked food from wilting, drying-out, spoiling by covering meats loosely, vegetables tightly with Cut-Rite. Get Cut-Rite in the big blue and white carton.

Ask for CUT-RITE by name. AT YOUR GROCER'S

Save by buying Cut-Rite in the large 125-foot roll. Full length!

CUT-RITE 125 FEET

CUT-RITE WAXED PAPER ...it's double-waxed!

Automatic Paper Machinery Co., Inc., Hoboken, N. J.

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY'S informative articles—and its absolutely unique manner of presenting them—give this publication a place all its own in the world of magazines...No other periodical offers such a diversity of reading-matter as appears in this and other issues of The American Weekly.

The American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3418—If tiny tot loves to dress herself, let her learn with this wrap-around, side-buttoned style. Designed for children's sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3417—Spring-cleaning-time is Apron-time! Get ready with these two basque-waist versions with prettily scalloped shoulders. Designed for sizes small, medium and large. Small size, view A, requires 2¼ yards 35-inch fabric; view B, 1¾ yards and ½ yard contrast.

Pattern 3419—All the slenderizing news that's fit to print—in a smart matron mode that is quickly stitched at home. Designed for women's sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 39-inch fabric.

Pattern 3420—Friendly chow dogs playing among the colorful posies make a charming picture for you to embroider—and a lovely decoration for any room. This embroidery goes quickly, too! Pattern 3420 contains a transfer pattern of a picture 15x19⅝ inches; illustration of stitches; materials required; color schemes.

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Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly SIZES, PATTERN NUMBERS, YOUR NAME, STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15c in coins for each pattern.

It's new—it's smart—and yours for the cost of mailing—our American Weekly eight-page pattern leaflet! Everything from matron styles to tiny tot frocks. Just send three cents for this new 1942 fashion leaflet.

Address all orders to

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Due to customs restrictions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

Almanack Echoes

SPICED PORK — A MISSOURI FAVORITE

Dear Almanack:

You, and no doubt many of your readers will be surprised to learn that we Missouri "hillbillys" are enthusiastic readers of your Almanack. In fact, many will no doubt be surprised that we can even read, but, we manage to figure out these many good recipes you bring to us each week and want to say "thank you" for them.

I have never seen a recipe from our part of the country in your magazine but we "hill-billy" farm wives very often try our hand at some dish other than boiled beans, fat pork and corn pone.

We have many visitors to our ranch since we are situated in the very heart of the "Shepherd of the Hills" country and some are acquaintanees of my Civil War grandmother and I still cook some of her famous dishes for them.

Pork seems to be the main standby for farmers and when we were children in school mother often made spiced pork to have for lunches and it is still good for that hurry up meal or luncheon.

We used to use lean pieces of pork and a part of the head when we made this loaf at butchering time but now I use—from market—four to five pounds of pork shank, skin removed, and cooked slowly until meat falls from bone and liquid is reduced to ½ pint. Cool, skim off fat and leave broth then to the broth add the finely shredded pork, seasoned with ¾ teaspoon sage, a bit of thyme, salt, pepper, sprinkling of celery seed or a ½ cup of ground celery. Mix well, press firmly into loaf pan, let set in icebox overnight and it is ready to slice. Serve with tiny whole beets, wedges of crisp head lettuce, stuffed eggs or plain hard cooked eggs and sliced tomatoes and you have an easy but good luncheon for hungry guests. Beef is equally good fixed this way.

Thank you again for this friendly Food Almanack, I hope some day that some of our "hillbilly" recipes will find a place in its pages.

Mrs. Maxine Conrad,
Galena, Missouri.

(Mrs. Conard, we're adding your recipe for spiced pork to our collection of Missouri recipes—we really have published quite a few from your State—Mary Lee Swann.)

FOR all letters printed in this column The American Weekly will pay $1. A prize winning recipe is awarded $5, the same as on the Almanack page. Be sure to write your name and address plainly and use one side of the paper only.

The shorter the letters the better. None should be more than 200 words. Address them to The American Weekly Housewife's Food Almanack, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York City.

HOME MADE LEMON CURD FROM ENGLAND

Dear Almanack:

May a Yorkshire woman tell you how much she enjoys The American Weekly? I had a few copies passed on to me among other books and very interesting I found The American Weekly, especially the Almanack and Household Hints pages. May I give a recipe which always goes down well with my family?

½ pound sugar
2 eggs
2 ounces custard powder
¾ pint water
4 ounces butter
Juice of 2 lemons

Boil water, butter and sugar together and allow to cool. Mix custard powder to a paste with lemon juice and beaten egg, and add to the mixture. Bring almost to the boil, pouring as soon as it stiffens. The whole process only takes ten minutes and the above quantities make about 2 pounds preserve which comes in very handy in these days of rationing. It was quite like old times reading an American magazine as I always bought them before the war—they seem so much "meatier" than ours.

Mrs. Win Smith,
Near Halifax, Yorkshire, Eng.

(Mrs. Smith, the lemon curd is grand for baking, makes lovely open tarts or pies. Youngsters will like it. Spread on bread and butter or between sponge cake.—Mary Lee Swann.)

FROM A DAUGHTER'S NOTEBOOK

Dear Almanack:

As a mother will do, I was looking through my littlest daughter's personal notebook. I found her version of our favored, easy-to-make, wholesome-to-eat candy, which my three young daughters and I 'made up' as very good for them when pals come over to play. This is what I found (with my comments in parenthesis):

Barbara Rosemary Crane (the sweetest 9-year-old who ever drew breath!) Her own recipe. (I must do something about her spelling!)

2 cups of suger ('suger'... just imagine!)
2 oranges...strain them
2 peces of butter, the size of robin's eggs (she is an Audubon Club member and thinks in terms of birds.)

Put over fire and stir, then don't stir.

Wait until brown (the candy mixture!) and then put in buttered pan and then when it's coole take it out and pule it. If it gets too cole, break it up plain. (Sensible!) Then wrap the peces in wax paper. (It never lasts long enough for this direction!

So, I send in Barbara Rosemary's "Own Recipe" and if you have nothing like it, hope you can publish it for the benefit of all other sweet little girls in the United States.

Mrs. Ross E. Crane,
Santa Ana, California.

(Mrs. Crane, we are printing Barbara Rosemary's recipe and awarding her a prize. We hope that other youthful Almanackers will also be encouraged to send in their favorite recipes.—The Editor.)

ALMANACK CHARTS

The following helpful charts will be sent on receipt of a 3-cent stamp for each:

16 Almanack Casserole Recipes
11 Almanack Potato Recipes
20 Popular Salad Recipes
21 Almanack Candy Recipes
18 Famous Almanack Recipes
18 Almanack Cookie Recipes
21 New England Recipes
Highlights of Cooking History
Recipes for Successful Picnics
Favorite Mexican Recipes
17 Favorite Pie Recipes
16 Favorite Cake Recipes
15 Favorite Bread & Roll Recipes
12 Favorite Hebrew Recipes
22 Almanack Preserves Recipes
20 Delicious Vegetable Recipes

Write your name and address plainly.

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Crocheted and knitted pieces bring good prices. Many women sell even the simplest, easiest pieces at handsome profits. Thousands also win prizes at fairs. Needlework is a delightful hobby which pays rich rewards. Get busy. Buy these eight 10-cent books, and you'll get all the smartest knit and crochet fashions for you and your home ... at your favorite art needlework counter, or *mail coupon today!*

Design in "Magic of Crochet," Book No. 164.

82 exquisite edgings, for gifts, trousseaux. Book No. 162.

A bookful of enchanting party dresses in smart crochet. Buy No. 113.

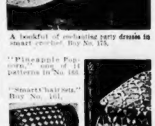
"Pineapple Pompom," pattern in Book No. 166.

"Smart Chair Sets," Buy Nos. 161.

From "Learn How Book." Teaches you to knit, crochet, embroider, tat. No. 170.

Crisp, frosty Bread Cloth and Napkin set in 20 beautiful designs in "Doilies." No. 163.

Easy! Mostly back like lacy flowers. One 6-inch square in Book No. 167.



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Please send me the following books as checked at 10¢ each. I understand that if I order five or more pattern books I will receive "Sweater Rugs" free. I enclose.....¢
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☐ "Smart Chair Sets," Bk. 161.
☐ "Tips on Tables," Bk. 167. ☐ "Bedspreads," Bk. 166.
☐ "Crochet Fashions for Small Fry," Bk. 173.
Name.....
Address.....

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MOTHER!
Give YOUR child same expert care used when

QUINTUPLETS CATCH COLD

At the first sign of a chest cold—the Dionne Quintuplets' throats and chests are rubbed with Musterole—a product made especially to promptly relieve DISTRESS of colds and resulting bronchial and croupy coughs.

Musterole gives such wonderful results because it's more than an ordinary "salve." It helps break up local congestion. Since Musterole is used on the Quintuplets you may be sure you're using just about the BEST product made!

IN 3 STRENGTHS
Children's Mild Musterole. Also Regular and Extra Strength for grown-ups who prefer a stronger product. All druggistores.

MUSTEROLE Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Yes, it's easy to make

STOCKINGS GO FURTHER!

Take these girls' advice! Try the easy Ivory Flakes way to longer wear!

A WONDER! Here we are wondering how long we'll have our pretty sheer silk stockings . . . so slimming and flattering. And here are Ivory Flakes with their easy way to help the precious pairs we have last longer!

MY, HOW IT PAYS to wash your stockings with new Ivory Flakes promptly after every wearing! Not a chance then for perspiration and soil to weaken stocking fibers. Look at the wear records of Mildred Kelly, Mrs. Magill, Margaret MacNair!

THEN TAKE YOUR STOCKINGS in hand! Do as they did! Wash your stockings with new Ivory Flakes after every wearing. Start your stockings on Ivory Flakes care right away!

208 HOURS' WEAR FROM ONE PAIR for Mildred Kelly, waitress. "I wore the same pair day after day—washed them each night with Ivory Flakes." It pays!

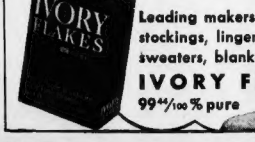
243 HOURS' WEAR FOR CASHIER, Margaret MacNair. "This test has done me a good turn. It's taught me I was wrong saving up 3 or 4 pairs of soiled stockings to do it one time. Now, I wash my stockings every night with Ivory Flakes to help them wear!"

Try these Ivory Flakes rules for longer wear!

1. **Wash** stockings with pure Ivory Flakes after every wearing. Perspiration and soil may be injurious.
2. **Use** lukewarm Ivory Flakes suds. (Do not use strong soaps and hot water.)
3. **Don't rub.** Gently squeeze through pure Ivory Flakes suds. Dry away from heat and sunlight.
4. **Always** let Ivory Flakes constant care help your stockings wear longer. (A pure, gentle soap is kind to hosiery threads and colors.)

TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.—PROCTER & GAMBLE

HERS STILL GOOD AFTER 375 HOURS, reports Mrs. J. D. Magill. "I was amazed! I'll keep on washing my stockings each night with Ivory Flakes. I want them to *last!*"



Leading makers of famous stockings, lingerie, girdles, sweaters, blankets, advise

IVORY FLAKES

99 44/100 % pure

OH, AUNT JENNY, I HAVE THE WORST LUCK WITH MY BAKING
THIS TIME IT'S GOING TO BE DIFFERENT. YOU USE SPRY AND MY SPRY RECEIPT
LATER
GOSH HONEY, I CAN'T WAIT TILL YOU BRING 'EM TO THE TABLE. THEY LOOK AND SMELL —SO GOOD

Now *YOU* try this recipe ---

THE FLAVOR SAVER

Whole Wheat Raisin Muffins

HAVE 'em often—your folks will love them! They're tender and light with a tempting nutlike taste and the raisins give just enough sweetness. But to get their FULL delicioiuness, be sure to make them with purer Spry. It doesn't dull flavor as ordinary shortenings may. Mixes so easily, too. You'll marvel how quickly these muffins are ready to pop in the oven.

1½ cups whole wheat flour
½ cup sifted flour
2½ teaspoons baking powder
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon salt
½ cup Spry
½ cup raisins, ground
1 egg, beaten
1 cup milk

Sift flours with baking powder, sugar and salt. Cut in Spry. (Done in no time. Spry's *triple-creamed* for easier mixing.) Cut in raisins. Combine egg and milk. Turn liquids into dry ingredients and stir vigorously until all flour is dampened. Bake in Spryceated muffin pans in hot oven (425° F.) 18 to 20 minutes. Makes 12.

See what wonderful FULL FLAVOR cakes Spry gives, too. And it costs only about half what expensive cake shortening does! Change to Spry today for all your baking and frying. See if you ever had such tender, flaky pastry before, such crispy, digestible fried foods as Spry gives you or such compliments on your cooking!

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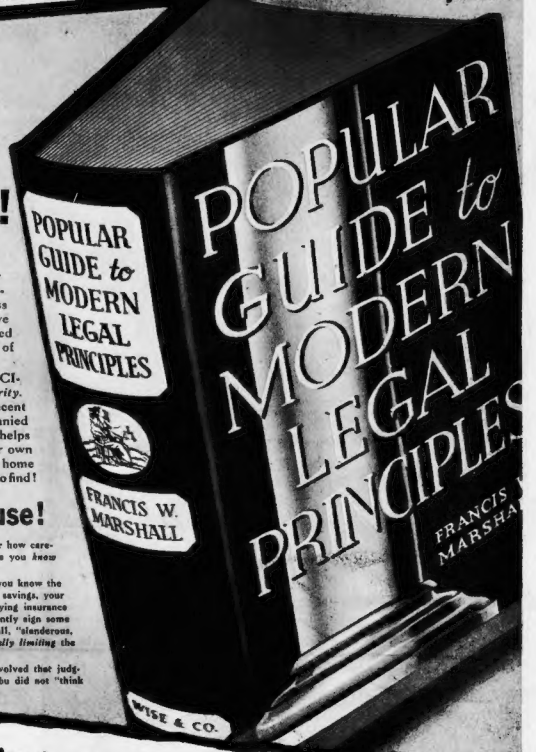

AT LAST, a *really useful* reference book on everyday law! Brand-new—practical—easy to consult! Prepared especially to meet the needs of the average man and woman—to help you understand *your* rights and obligations under the law. If you are a business man or employee, landlord or tenant, husband or wife; if you drive an automobile, pay taxes, buy or sell goods, the information contained in this book may save you *thousands of dollars*—may be the means of KEEPING YOU OUT OF UNEXPECTED TROUBLE!

THE POPULAR GUIDE TO MODERN LEGAL PRINCIPLES is based on a new plan which assures you of *absolute authority*. It discusses thousands of legal questions in *direct quotations* from recent opinions of eminent judges. And every legal quotation is accompanied by the citation of the case from which it was taken! This method helps you understand more clearly the legal principles involved in your own problems. It makes this guide an indispensable handbook for your home or office! A 3,000-item cross-reference index makes everything easy to find!

Ignorance of the Law Is No Excuse!

It is so easy to get caught in a legal trap that you didn't know existed! No matter how careful you *think* you are, you always run the risk of involvement and loss—unless you *know* everyday principles of law.

You are in danger every time you get behind the wheel of your car. Unless you know the Law of the Road, you are risking possible legal trouble that may wipe out your savings, your home, your family's security—and make you pay and pay, for years! Even carrying insurance won't prevent it—*IF you were on the wrong side of the law!* Or you may innocently sign some 'routine" paper, to oblige a friend—or say in anger words that the law may call, "slanderous, libelous and actionable"—or you may go into business with a friend, without *legally limiting* the extent of the partnership.

As a result of any of these acts, or dozens of others, you may become so involved that judgment can be taken against you and your life savings swept away! Acts which you did not "think were wrong" may subject you to fine or even to imprisonment!

DEDUCTIONS That Workers On Salaries or Wages May Make

This wonderful guide shows you how to make out your 1942 income Tax return quickly, easily, correctly—and for the smallest legal amount! Tells you of LEGITIMATE DEDUCTIONS to which you are legally entitled, many of which are not even mentioned on the tax blanks! Don't over-pay! This book may easily save you $10—$20—perhaps hundreds of dollars! And by reporting fully and promptly you avoid any possibility of later assessment, penalties and interest charges. GET IT AS A FREE GIFT for prompt acceptance of FREE TRIAL OFFER on "POPULAR GUIDE TO MODERN LEGAL PRINCIPLES."

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Can you deduct interest and fees paid to a finance company?
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Is a loss on a co-maker loan deductible?
When does a bad debt become deductible?
If termites destroy a building can it be claimed as a loss?
Are payments under the workmen's compensation law exempt from taxation?
What is the optional tax assessment provision under the new 1941 law?
Are expenses incurred by you in caring for your investments deductible?

Knowing These Legal Principles Will Help You Avoid Entanglements

RELIABLE knowledge of legal principles is indispensable to your safety, both in business and personal affairs—for the law is often as hard on you for *neglecting* precautions as for doing wrong on purpose! If your ignorance of the *Law of Contracts* wrecks a promising business venture, you have only yourself to blame. Your ignorance of *Probate Law* might easily rob your loved ones of the future security you now think you are providing for them. A neglected repair on your property or car may put you on the wrong side of the *Law of Negligence*—and cost you thousands. Without a reliable guide to everyday law you may unknowingly make mistakes that could subject you to severe penalties and burden you with anxiety!

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SUPPOSE a guest in your home falls on an icy door-step, fractures his skull, and later sues you for damages! What are your legal rights and responsibilities?

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—and Safeguard Your Loved Ones

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What is YOUR responsibility for loss of life or limb caused by YOUR auto, even if you yourself were not driving?
What is the law of the road? 32,000 Americans were killed on our streets last year—mostly through auto accidents that could have been avoided by knowing the Law of the Road!
Is a city liable for injury caused by defective streets? What are the rights of a railroad at a grade crossing?

—COMMERCIAL LAW
How much property may a petitioner in bankruptcy keep?
What is the extent of financial responsibility of stockholders—of officers—in a bankrupt business?
What are the basic rights of bondholders over preferred stockholders? Of preferred stockholders over holders of common stock?
How should this information influence YOUR investments?
WOULD an unlimited partnership agreement make YOU liable to the full extent of your investment in the partnership, PLUS THE FULL EXTENT OF ALL YOUR PERSONAL PROPERTY INCLUDING YOUR HOME SAVINGS AND INVESTMENTS, FOR ANY ACT OF ANY OF YOUR PARTNERS?
Who assumes the loss when payment on a check is stopped?

—CONTRACT LAW
Can you collect for services if there is no contract?
Why should YOU be careful before paying money to an agent?
To what extent may YOUR agent bind YOU as his principal?
Are YOU allowed to assign a contract?

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What is an accessory before the fact?
Can any citizen make an arrest?
On what ground can YOU be held in contempt of court?
May YOU, as a witness, tell YOUR opinion?
Will the courts in your state enforce a judgment obtained against you in another state?

—LABOR LAW
Must an employer bargain with the representatives of his workers?
May the Labor Board order reinstatement of a worker with back pay?

—PROPERTY LAW
Under what circumstances may your invited guests collect damages from YOU as a property owner?
Under what circumstances can tenants sue landlords and collect thousands of dollars for personal injuries?
In what way may the State regulate the use of YOUR property?
What is the difference between YOUR real and YOUR personal property?

—WILLS AND ESTATES
What is probate law? Do YOU know that millions of dollars are lost by widows, children, and other heirs through ignorance of probate law?
What must YOU do to make sure that those whom you do not wish to benefit will not inherit YOUR estate instead of those that you desire to have YOUR property?
What becomes of YOUR personal property if YOU die intestate?

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If YOU pay more taxes than you should, when can YOU get a refund?
When is a gift taxable?
What did Chief Justice Marshall say of an unlimited power to tax?
What did Chief Justice Stone say of the Social Security Act?

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What do the courts say on freedom of speech, press and religion?
What are YOUR rights as a citizen under the Constitution of the United States?

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What is the difference between the contract of marriage and an ordinary contract?
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